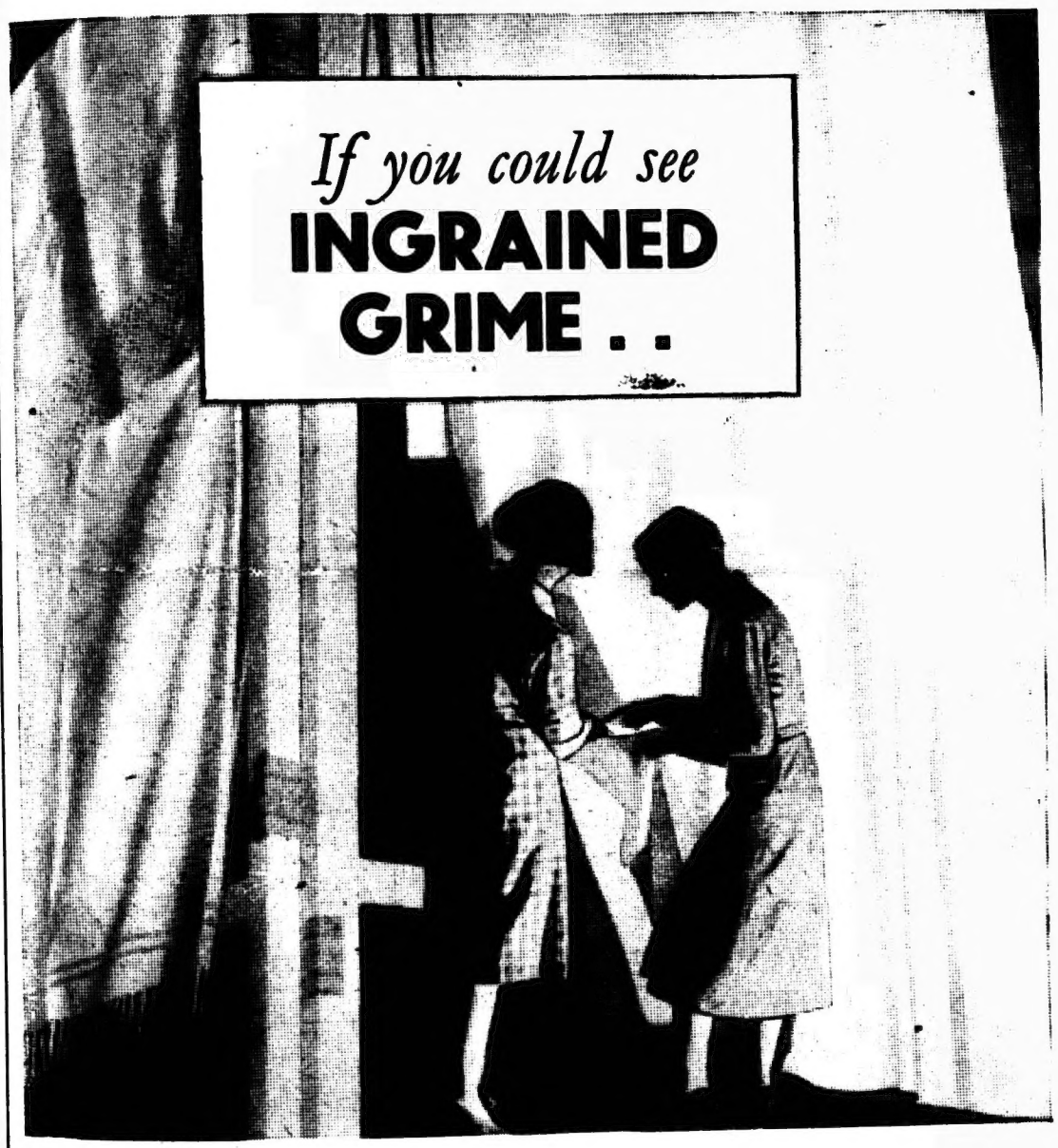
JOHN BULL, JUNE 18, 1932

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1357.

SEVEN SENSATIONAL PRIZES SEE PAGES 34 and 35

JOHN BULL



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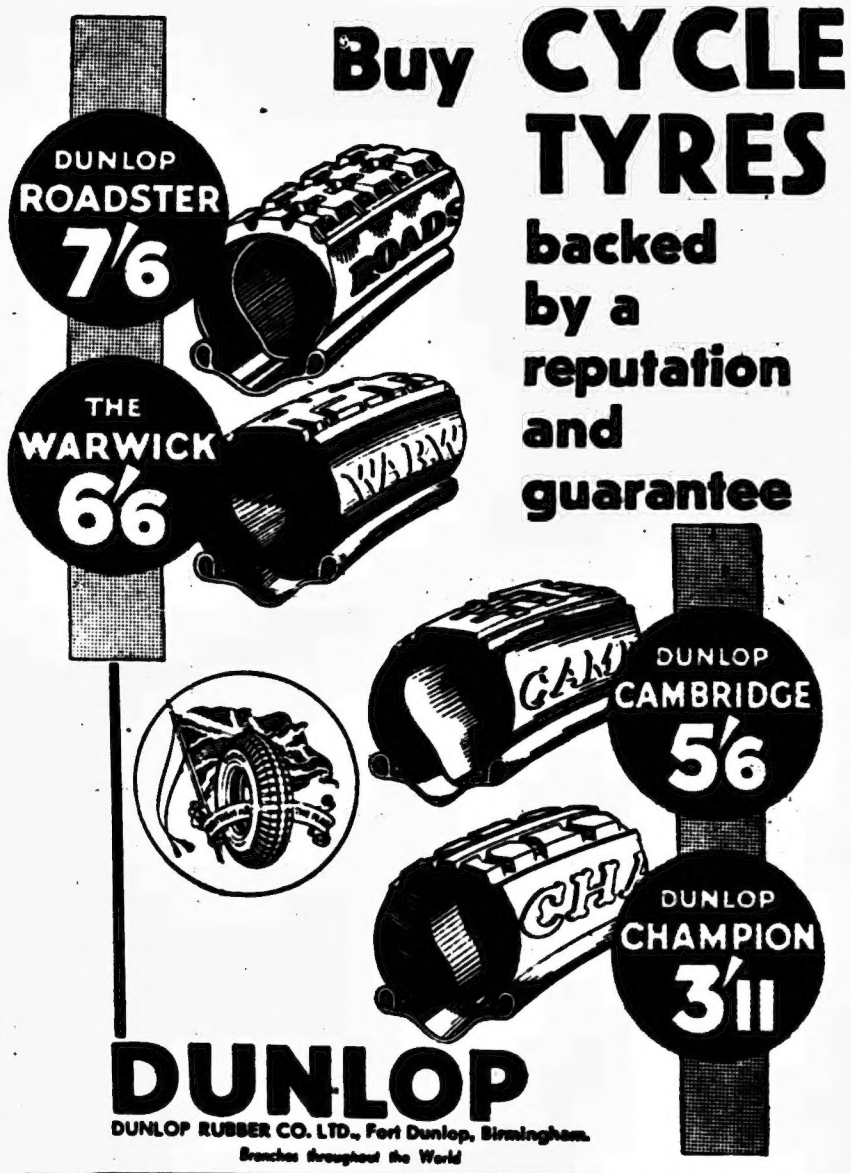

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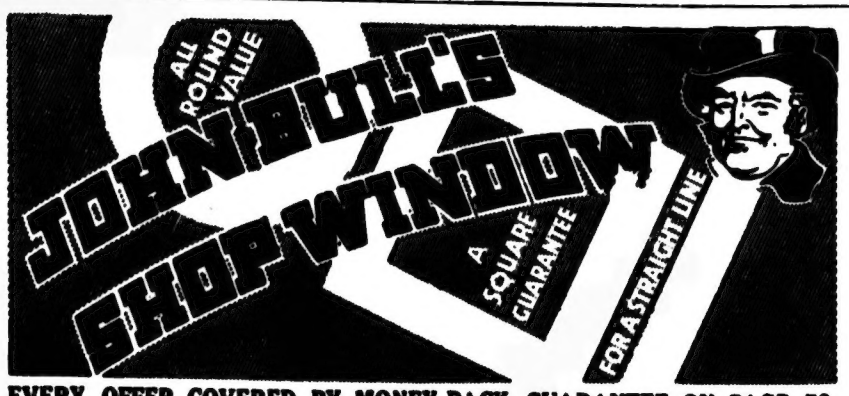

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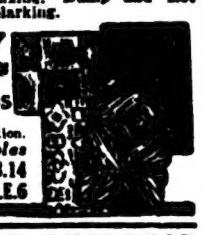

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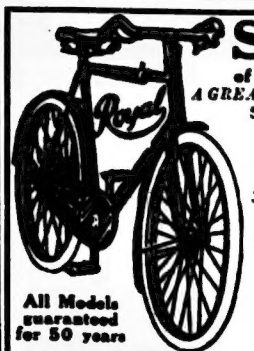

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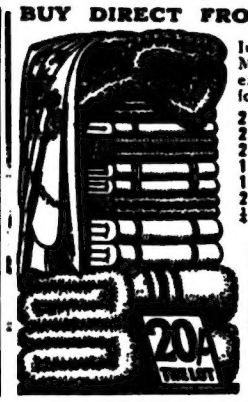

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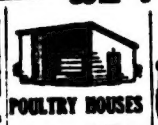

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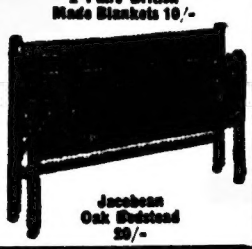

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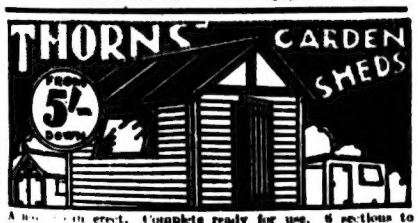

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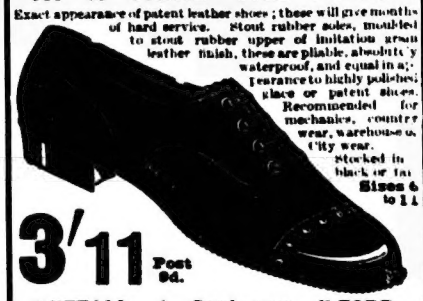

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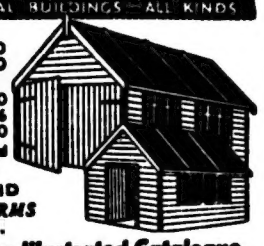

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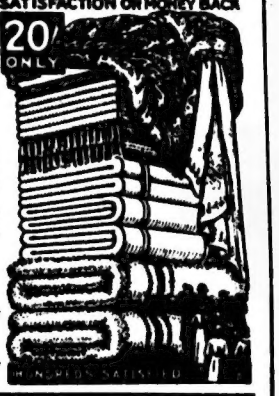

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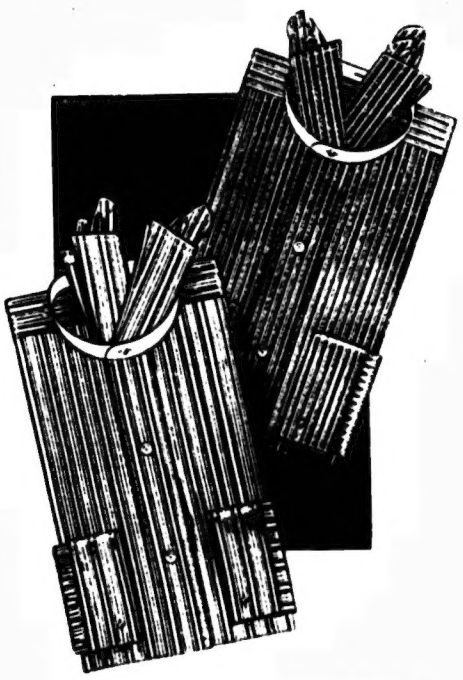

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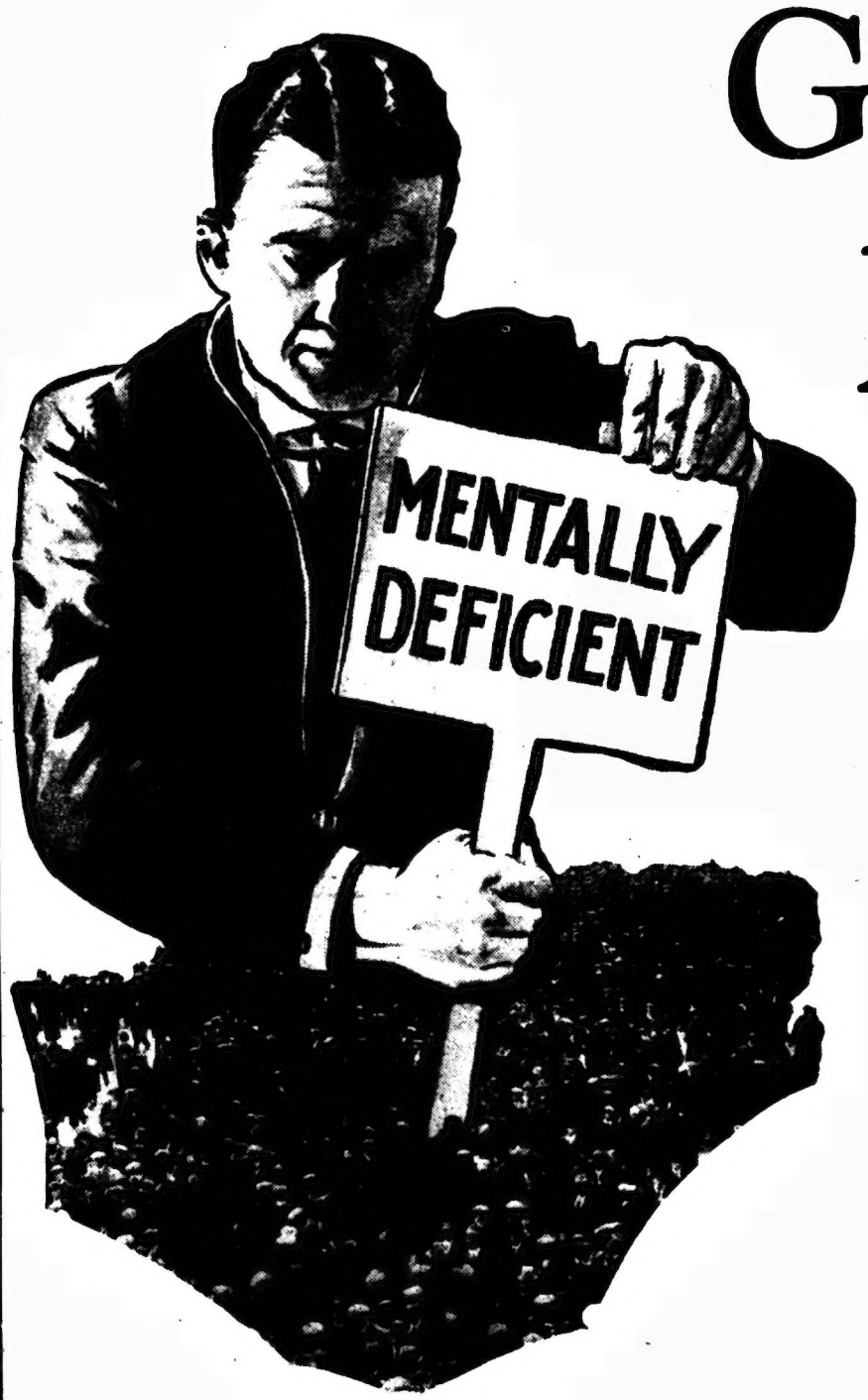
Are We All Going Mad?



Are we becoming a nation of lunatics? The Board of Control's mental experts are apparently convinced of it

A MAD world, my masters!

And if you believe certain people, it is growing madder every day.

Take, for instance, the Board of Lunacy Control whose annual report will shortly be published. It will make you think we are rapidly becoming a nation of mental deficients.

Well, we should be if we swallowed the Board of Control's dope!

The truth is that its pages of figures tell the story of the most powerful and merciless bureaucracy with which Great Britain has been saddled in modern times.

This Board of Control, which uses up nearly £10,000,000 yearly of taxpayers' money, possesses the most tremendous powers over human liberty ever vested in a statutory body.

The Star Chamber of the older days was a benevolent institution by comparison with it.

Daily, upon the flimsiest and most ridiculous excuses, its agents are sentencing scores of men, women and children to imprisonment for life and cruelly branding countless others. Against their decisions there is no appeal, and for the victims no redress.

If you murder a man and get sentenced to death you can appeal. But if the Board of Control sentences you to a living death for nothing, you cannot appeal.

So savage and reckless has the Board been in its operations that it now asks us to believe that it has on its records the names of about 500,000 people—one in every ninety-six of the population of the country—who are either lunatics, mental defectives, idiots, imbeciles, or moral defectives.

THIS astounding total is made up of 150,000 people whom the Board already has captive behind asylum walls, 100,000 more who are alleged to require immediate detention, and an additional 200,000 who are said to be in need of "prolonged help"—by which we suppose it means indefinite detention.

How is it that so vast a mass of people have been made lunacy prisoners, and that twice as many are catalogued for early imprisonment?

The explanation is simple. To supply the Board of Control with human fodder for its institutions, there has come into existence throughout the land a huge corps of job-hunting doctors and women busybodies called "welfare workers," who justify their salaries and position by the number of people they certify as mentally unsound.

Take, first, the case of these doctors. They are mostly young men who take jobs in workhouse infirmaries and similar institutions, or as assistant medical officers to education committees.

They have no, or only the scantiest, knowledge of insanity, because it occupies a hopelessly insignificant place in the curriculum of the medical schools. Yet, as soon as they get a degree, these men can begin signing away the liberty of their fellows for a lifetime.

The common practice is to take the supposed lunatic to the workhouse hospital to have him certified, and by law a "judicial authority" must then endorse the order. The "judicial authority" is easily found in the person of a justice of the peace among the tradesmen who supply the institution with bread, groceries or the like.

By statute, the certifying doctor is required to base the detention order only upon direct evidence of insanity within his own knowledge.

The shameful truth is, however, that today publicly paid doctors are flouting the law right and left, and committing great numbers of people to asylums upon uncorroborated hearsay evidence.

IF the person seized can be persuaded to declare that he or she is, say, a believer in Spiritualism, and has been receiving messages from the spirit of a lost one, that is sufficient for him or her to be condemned. This is actually recorded as proof of "delusions."

Theoretically, there is a safeguard against the continued wrongful detention of sane people.

A band of commissioners, appointed by the Board of Control, is supposed to visit the asylums and enquire into the condition of each inmate. In practice, these highly paid officials have no real authority. Their job is a mockery.

Case after case has come before us in which they have been provided with complete evidence, and have even admitted themselves, that people were wrongly being held prisoners. But nothing was done.

In a Cornish lane a seven-year-old boy was found wandering recently. His parents could not be traced, and so that he could be placed in an institution he was certified as a lunatic at large and put in an asylum.

A Board of Control commissioner called at the place one day, and reported that the little boy was "bright-looking," and should not be in an asylum, but in some school.

Why did he not *order* this to be done? The child remains incarcerated as a lunatic; and no doubt, in surroundings of this kind, will very likely become one in due course.

Officious young doctors attached to school medical staffs are consigning children to asylums as mental defectives on a wholesale scale.

NO one, unless it be John Bull, dares to interfere with their activities.

They furnish certificates branding, and often causing the possible imprisonment for life of, children who are merely faulty in arithmetic, inattentive in class, or frequently late for school.

With colossal impudence the Board of Control is now launching a campaign to persuade local authorities to spend millions of pounds upon the acquisition of estates and the building of extra asylums to accommodate the hundreds of thousands of other victims who have been marked down for imprisonment.

Not only must this be stopped; the Government must also probe the record of the Board—past and present—either abolish it or reform it, and clear out from the asylums the hundreds of men, women and children who ought not to be there.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

Can Ramsay Disarm the World of TALK?

WHAT this world wants badly is less talk and more do. Disarmament, war debts, unemployment—they have meant years of words, words—futile words.

Now there's Lausanne, another conference meaning just more talk unless someone gets busy.

Living on words

Will it be Ramsay? He's a pretty good spellbinder himself, but he surely must realise that the world can't live much longer on words.

If he succeeds in getting a move on the Disarmament Conference, he'll at least have done something.

What the Disarmament Conference wants is to be disarmed of talk.

On their dignity

Who cares about tradition and diplomatic dignity when swift action is wanted?

The mandarins of the Foreign Office do. They think they've been slighted because the Premier personally set going from Lossiemouth the arrangements for a world conference on international trade problems.

This is just the sort of hustling that the world needs.

He's too busy!

City ramps hit the public, but they don't worry the Government.

Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, can't find time to amend the Company Laws so as to stop scandals like the Hatry and Kreuger cases, which have deprived thousands of the money they were saving up for their old age.

We hope Mr. Rhys Davies and other interested M.P.s will continue to press him until he *can* find time.

Next, please

No tax is too trivial for the economy-mongers.

The Treasury has just rejected a proposal, supported by some M.P.s, for putting a yearly tax of half a crown on bicycles. It would be too expensive to collect.

We are now waiting for someone to suggest a tax on hiking.

We warn them

Once more there is a secret move to hand over the Ministry of Pensions work to the War Office. We fought a similar proposal last August, and we shall fight it again.

There must be no "sergeant-major" attitude towards ex-Service pensioners and widows.

Unfair

The taxpayer always pays.

If a man wins an income-tax appeal before the Commissioners, he may have to pay heavy costs if the case is carried to the High Gourt. And he isn't allowed to deduct these expenses from his income-tax returns!

This scandalous anomaly cannot be tolerated.

Waking them up

The Minister of Health means business.

Following our recent article, he is going to stir local authorities into stopping the occupation of State-aided houses by middle-class people well able to pay higher rents.

Well-to-do people who obtain houses intended for poorer folk are parasites, and should be treated as such.

Cheek

For sheer impudence Northampton Master Builders' Association wants some beating.

The Barney Case Ghouls

Foreign Office Mandarins

They talk, talk, talk, when what the world needs is action

The town council had to build 3,000 houses for working people owing to the failure of private enterprise to meet the demand. Now it is told by the Association that no more council houses should be built and the provision of houses left to local builders.

Councillor W. Barratt described the communication as the most impudent ever received by the Housing Committee. We're not surprised.

Morbid

You can't stop the morbid curiosity of some people.

Women and girls fought like tigercats to get into Westminster Police Court when Mrs. Barney, the society woman accused of murder, appeared. Several were trampled underfoot and the proceedings were delayed for ten minutes.

Let's hope this ghoulish behaviour will not be repeated.

Thanks!

Thank you, says Mr. William Wallace.

Mr. Wallace, the Liverpool insurance agent whose sentence of death for alleged wife murder was quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal, has had a great many sympathetic letters following his recent articles in JOHN BULL describing the ordeal of his first year of freedom.

Though he is trying to reply personally as far as possible, many sympathisers omitted their names and addresses, and to them Mr. Wallace expresses his gratitude.

Thwarted

It isn't very difficult to ma.. some Government departments look silly.

The Vicar of Coopersale, Essex, advertised an open-air sale of work, admission 6d. The Inland Revenue authorities promptly claimed a penny per ticket as entertainment tax.

The vicar refused to pay, so an official arrived to collect the money in person. He was confronted with an "admission free" notice at the entrance to the sale.

Heartless

One of the most despicable rogues in the country appears to live in Preston.

He approached a dumb cripple, who earns a precarious living by selling picture postcards from a bath-chair, and offered to buy two if the man could change a ten-shilling note. Then he decamped with the note, change, and postcards.

We hope he is found and sent to a place where the only views are through barred windows.

Building societies

Of course they're safe.

Though many small investors are worried because some building societies refuse to take new money for investment, and others are reducing their interest, there's no reason for alarm.

The reason is the lack of demand for funds for house purchase, coupled with the plentiful supply of money for investment just now.

New investors can always turn to National Savings Certificates or the Trustee Savings Banks.

Justice evicted

Justice is hard to find in some parts.

Rudely awakened, a woman and her children were hurried from their beds and turned out into the night to find shelter on the wild hillside at Barra, an island in the Outer Hebrides, when sheriff's officers arrived to carry out an eviction order.

The woman's husband, a seaman, was away from home at the time. But things like that don't matter to officialdom.

The isle of gloom

If you want to enjoy yourself on Sunday, don't go to the Isle of Skye.

Most boarding-houses there keep the blinds drawn, some even exhibit notices warning visitors not to walk out on the Sabbath, except to church.

Her pluck, their disgrace

Nearly every week cases are reported of bandits being defeated by plucky women.

The latest is that of sixty-years-old Mrs. Cima, of Tottenham, London, who was severely injured by a young ruffian yet pursued him for over a hundred yards.

But we have nothing but contempt for the two men who stood by and made no effort to help the poor widow.

Think again, sir!

Second thoughts aren't always best.

For nearly three years a Barrowford, Lancs, ex-soldier received a pension on account of rheumatism. Without any reason being given, it was suddenly decided that the disability was not attributable to war service and the pension was stopped, while efforts to get it reinstated have failed.

We invite the Minister of Pensions to think again.

Unmasked by us

Cecil Hamilton Baines is in hot water—and jail.

Our exposure of this plausible im-postor, who presides over th Prison Reform Society, w mentioned in evidence Southend when a lecturer e ployed by him was sent prison for gathering alms fraud.

A few days later, at Brist Baines himself was sent to j for two months for failing comply with an order for t maintenance of his child.

Their kennel home

People who prefer dogs children get no sympathy fro Leicester magistrates — n from us.

Charged with grossly ne lecting her two children, Countesthorpe woman w said to look after her dogs well, that her house was mo like a kennel than a home.

We are glad that her lack humanity has been met by sentence of three months' i prisonment.

Young of Norwich

We recently issued a warn ing against a certain W. G Young, of Cantley, Norwich who was offering addresses firms who send young men abroad, pa sage paid.

We repeat the warning, and at th same time wish to say that Mr. W. G Young, of 140, Earlham Road, Norwich is not the W. G. Young we referred t and, of course, knows nothing of th matter.

Semi-slavery

If some people's wages w they'd have practically nothing to li upon.

South Normanton, Derbyshire, Counc is considering appointing a park care taker at 10s. a week.

The wages of baths attendants Penarth, Glamorgan, are to be "re viewed." They should be. One youth works 55 hours for 15s. a week; another 62 hours for 21s.

Gratifying

We have reason to be pleased with th sentence of twelve months' imprison ment passed on John William Monn of Cambridge.

This rogue's daring cheque fraud and cleverly-staged bogus suicide were ex posed by us long ago.

Up the pole

Pole-squatting contests must go— whether the profits go to charity o private promoters.

The Hospital Aid Committee at Blyth Northumberland, organised such a con test. We are glad to see that at least one hospital governor has shown hi contempt of this disgusting business by refusing to accept the proceeds.

The hated service

More than three hundred girls drawn ing the "dole" at Palmer's Green London, have all refused a free course of training, with board and lodging, for domestic service.

The old conditions which servants endured may have something to do with this. But we can't admire those girls for most self-respecting people would rather have any sort of work than none.

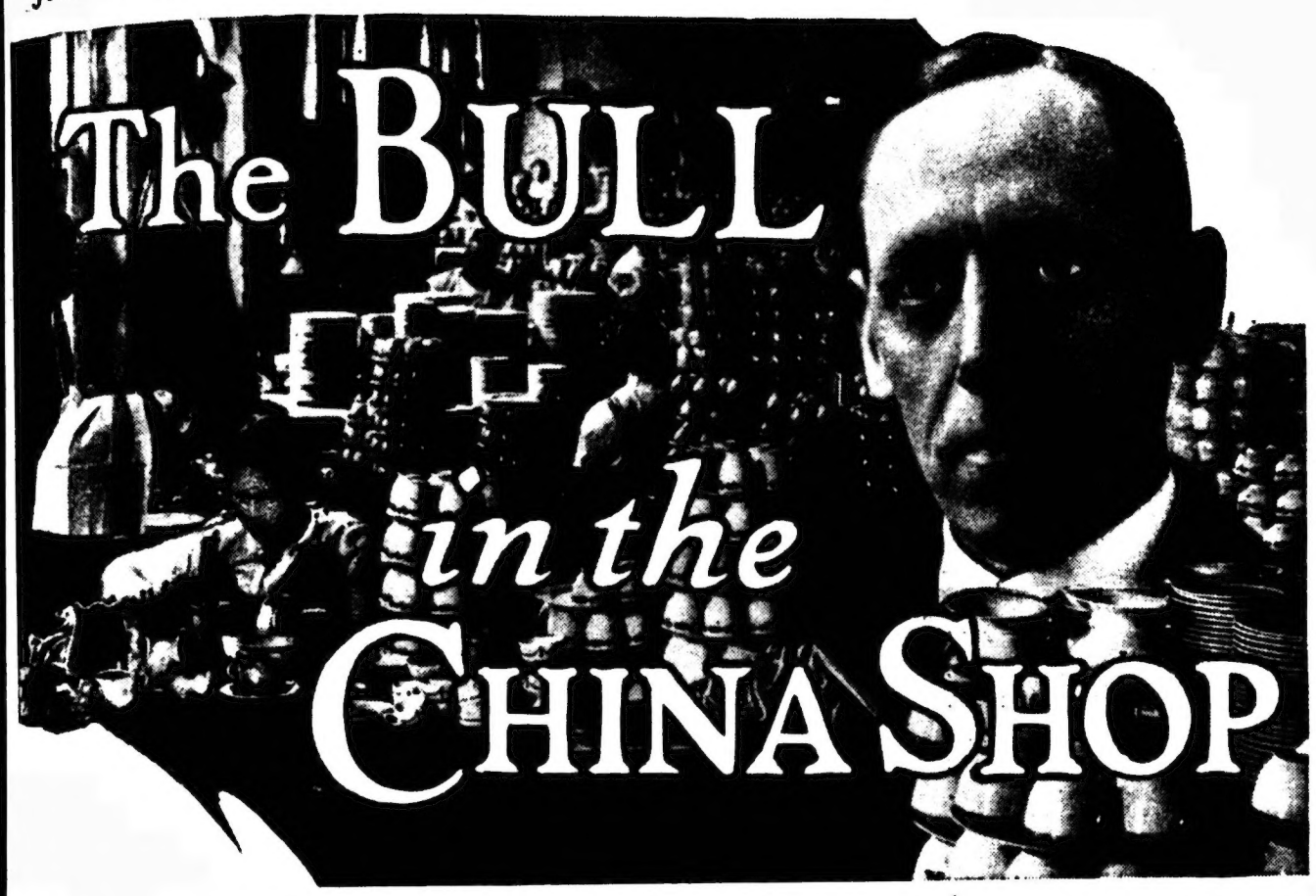
A dodge to dodge

A particularly barefaced variant of an old trick is being practised in Liverpool.

Calling on a JOHN BULL reader, a man claimed to represent the Government's Empire Marketing Board, and promised a cash prize of £2 if a pound of tea was bought from him.

Our reader rightly rejected this obvious swindle, which we bring to the notice of the Liverpool police.

The BULL in the CHINA SHOP



"A BOLD man, Harold Taylor Robinson, a well-meaning, dogmatic fellow. He'd show them, he said. He has"

DURING the last few years of economic upheavals we have become accustomed to read of the losses, difficulties, and, too frequently, the closing down of commercial undertakings.

Many of these failures have been inevitable. We accept them with regret, but we do not lose heart. In a bad time the weakest go to the wall.

But there are some industries, such as the English potteries, that we have come to regard with affection.

We think of them as an integral part of England; more as national institutions than commercial undertakings subject to the transitory depressions of these post-war years.

Our potteries are world famous. Their productions combine artistry with utility, and of some of their work we are justly proud.

Many homes, rich and poor alike, treasure old pieces of Crown Derby, Royal Worcester, or Wedgwood. For generations—even for centuries in cases—these names have been household words.

Pottery companies have survived many hard times in the course of their long and arduous climbs to world fame. The old, hard-working potters who founded these ancient firms buried their roots deep in solid soil. For years their hard-working children carried on the old tradition.

But, in spite of all, many firms are to-day fighting against almost overwhelming odds. Some are even facing extinction. Unless something happens soon their work will be lost to us for ever. It is nothing short of a calamity, and we are deeply shocked.

The famous Royal Worcester company has been in severe financial difficulties for a long time past.

Overwhelming tides

TWO years ago, indeed, it had to close down. Leading officials, knowing the position was so grave, feared that this old-established company, the products of which are famous throughout the world, would lapse for ever.

The debenture holders appointed a receiver. Things drifted on, but economic conditions and bad trade grew worse instead of better, and the financial problems became more and more acute.

A blight seems to have settled over most of the once busy pottery works of Staffordshire, and receivers are in possession in numerous factories.

Take the famous Cauldon Potteries concern. This, too, has long since been trying to keep its head above water against almost overwhelming tides.

Its products have been of the finest, and its works and exhibits have often won the admiration of the Royal Family and of connoisseurs of many lands.

With £700,000 invested in its properties, its shareholders have not seen a dividend for years. They wonder to-day if they ever will.

Those now in control have fought desperately to save the situation. They have made rigid economies—have retrenched to the point where any further cutting would close down manufacturing altogether.

Last autumn, as a final straw, they asked the debenture holders, who have £230,000 stock at stake, to agree to a moratorium scheme.

"Avoid the appointment of a receiver," they said.

Isn't it tragic to see a great industry, famous in England since the eighteenth century, going lower and lower down the abyss?

So, to avoid a receiver, and the serious position such a step would bring about, the debenture holders of the Cauldon Potteries agreed to the moratorium arrangement.

That was eight months ago. All the bright hopes have been shattered since. Things are so bad in the Potteries that, a few weeks back, there was no money to pay the wages of the Cauldon employés!

To-day a receiver, against the appointment of whom the company has bravely fought so long, is in possession!

Sadder and wiser

THERE is one man in the Potteries whose name is on everybody's lips at the moment. He is Harold Taylor Robinson, of The Woodlands, Trent Vale, Stoke-on-Trent. He was a very prominent figure until recently in the Cauldon and other potteries.

He came into the limelight in Staffordshire a few years ago as the man who could save the pottery industry—get it on its feet. He boasted that he'd die a millionaire—or in the workhouse.

But, though pottery manufacturing was in his blood, he was a financier; and as pottery manufacturing has always been a family business, financiers are not liked in Staffordshire.

Harold Robinson's father was the Robinson of Wiltshaw and Robinson, the potters, but the son did not follow kindly in his father's footsteps. He had bigger ideas.

In his early days he travelled the South Coast as a crockery salesman; but he was too good for that sort of a job.

He made money easily for a time and tried to buy up several old-established potteries.

Finally he succeeded in gaining control of the Cauldon group and formed a combine. He was a financier—and he knew everything. He was going to show these slow plodders how to become millionaires.

Harold Taylor Robinson is not a bad man. He meant well. He has gambled wildly—and lost. He should be a sadder and wiser man to-day.

Many of the people who listened to him in the Potteries are.

Robinson negotiated most ambitiously. Thousands were nothing to him in his great adventure.

He opened banking accounts here, there and everywhere. He raised thousands of pounds to tide over hard times when difficulties began to arise—and when his colossal schemes were going all awry—on the security of shares in this or that company under his control.

Hard things are being said about him to-day.

He is no longer in control of the Cauldon Potteries, and receivers are reigning in his stead in this and other of the various pottery companies he took over to "put them on their feet."

His liabilities to-day, on his own petition recently filed, are £238,706 12s. 4d. His assets £1,536 17s. 6d. As the latter must go in settling preferential claims, his net assets are nil. So he has very nearly realised the latter part of his boast that he would, sooner or later, die a millionaire—or in the workhouse.

His transactions, says the Official Receiver, have been enormous and will take some time and trouble to probe.

A bold man, Harold Taylor Robinson. A well-meaning, dogmatic kind of fellow. He knew how to run the pottery trade, he said. He'd show them. He has.

Potters wondered . . .

OLD potters shook their heads. They knew him—a financier. Got a combine mind, they said. But H. T. Robinson had a facile way with him, and has ended up by biting off more than he can chew—liabilities nearly a quarter of a million; assets, next to nothing.

That's the big picture. He had his gamble, and lost. World economic conditions helped to beat him, of course. Millionaire or workhouse, he said; and he was right.

The pottery trade generally is suffering more from the present depression than most others. Receivers are in firms far too numerous to mention.

Thousands of men, women and girls are idle in the Potteries; on the way, many of them, to the workhouse. Unemployment figures are higher than in any other industry. It's not good enough.

Figures speak louder than words.

In the pottery industry 16,160 people were unemployed on April 25 last. The number had swollen to 17,572 by May 23, an increase of over 1,400 in a month!

This is the way a great British industry is going down hill.

What steps can be taken to save it?

Will they win through?

TARIFFS are not helping them. Their overseas trade is lost and dead; and it is a fact that the needs of the home market can be supplied with three months' normal work. The potteries rely on export trade, and the tariff has killed it, unless their demand for a higher tariff is answered by the State.

One pottery, in fact, which has for years specialised in manufacturing the most beautiful and exclusive china, has latterly been turning out goods to be used as prizes in cigarette-coupon competitions.

A sign of the times, they say, in Staffordshire.

This crash of the china trade is of national importance. It warrants the attention of the highest powers. The work of old-established firms such as, say, Crown Derby and Royal Worcester, reflects credit on England, and British workmanship.

These old firms must not be allowed to die without a struggle.

The GUNMAN'S WARNING—3

A GANG WAR IS

THE honesty of our police, our respect for law and order, and the high value we place on human life—these are our safeguards against a gang war ever breaking out in Britain. What if they ceased to exist? What then? . . . James Spenser, the young English gunman recently deported from the United States, warns us of the inevitable consequences in this further chapter of his amazing revelations

WHILE I was serving my three years in the San Quentin Penitentiary of California, I read a lot in the papers about disarmament as the one way to international peace.

It sounds good sense to me because I know that an armed man is often tempted to shoot where one who is unarmed will try to keep out of trouble.

I have done "tough jobs"—and three years' "time" on both sides of the Atlantic, and I can say this definitely: A gun is a necessity to an American gangster. It is still—but for how long?—a last resort with an Englishman, no matter how desperate.

Take my own case. I went to Dartmoor in my early twenties for burglary. I was a pretty hard case in those days, not caring a tinker's curse about anything. But it never even occurred to me to go armed.

Gun-country

Why carry a gun when the police have no weapons? Why shoot in a country where the other fellow, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, won't shoot at you?

Why, in short, risk murder when it is more than an even-money chance that murder means hanging?

Though I can see the old order changing, though I know that desperate young fools on this side are more and more tempted to follow the American example, I still maintain that mine was and still is the attitude of the average English criminal.

But that attitude changed very quickly when I got to the States.

After leaving Dartmoor I shipped as a deck-hand on a tramp steamer, meaning to desert when we reached America. I did, in fact, jump my ship in Philadelphia, and within two months my whole outlook on life had altered.

Now, I have sense enough to know that my individual case is of no importance unless it helps to illustrate a whole system I think perhaps it does.

"Not our business"

This is the way I look at it. Decent Americans are sick to death of gangsters and racketeers and graft. But the entire American public, honest and dishonest, good men and bad, helped to create the very state of society of which it now complains.

I won't go into the long story of the growth of the rackets, but it is an unchallenged fact that gangdom and racketeering followed Prohibition. Before 1918 crime in America was, broadly speaking, on the same lines as crime here.

Prohibition brought the bootlegger, and he flourished because the *public* didn't respect the new law. The bootleggers gradually formed organised gangs who fought among themselves for "territories," and still the public did not interfere because "it was none of their business."

Of course there had been political corruption in America long before Prohibition, and so naturally, when the gangs got really powerful and rich, they found the police and the magistracy and public officials already used to the idea of bribery.

To begin with, the gangs merely bought immunity from the law so far as their own "business" and "shooting matches" were concerned.

Later, when the bootleg profits weren't big enough to satisfy all the horde of ruffians in the game, some gangster Napoleon like Al Capone hit on the idea of blackmailing the traders.

And the public discovered—too late—that the bootleggers had become the bosses and that, when the gunmen had settled their private feuds, they still used their guns to terrorise the private citizen.

Also the system of graft, which was nobody's business before, was everybody's business now, because it continued to protect the criminal against the public just as much as it had done against his fellow criminal.

That was the situation as I saw it within a few days of landing in Philadelphia.

The big boss

I had taken a job as commissionaire at a small hotel, but after a few weeks of working twelve hours a day for a small salary, I made up my mind that I was going to get *inside* the rackets and join up with the gangs.

Everybody I met seemed to be either taking graft or paying it; all the "cops" were on some grafter's pay-roll, and it seemed to me that the only crooks who got caught and savagely dealt with were the ones who worked alone.

So I made for New York, where Dutch Schultz had already established himself as "the big boss." I figured that I wasn't well enough known to get into his gang, but I thought I might be able to join up under some smaller chief.

Now at this time Jack Brussie, a hijacker, had Long Island City as his own territory. I read in a New York newspaper that the police wanted to get Brussie for some shooting and his address was actually published! I took a chance, and wrote to him at that address.

Welcome to gangdom

Just in passing, it does occur to me that if the police here knew the address of a wanted criminal they would probably go and get him. And no other crook, unless he were crazy, would write to the wanted man at that address.

Nevertheless, my letter duly reached Jack Brussie, and after a while he sent for me. I found him in one of his own speak-easies in Long Island City, just as I might have found any big business man in his own office.

Jack is a rather short, dark, powerful young fellow of the Southern Italian type. "Want to join up with me, Limey?" he said. (All Englishmen are "Limeys" in the States.) "Well, what can you do?"

I told him I could do what I was told.

Brussie, as I have said, was a hijacker at that time—that is to say, he specialised in stealing truckloads of some other bootlegger's liquor. He was due, of course, to be "bumped off" by the

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The Human Machine

Keep in Touch

AT whatever age we have reached we are what we have made ourselves during the preceding years. It is no use looking back and blaming other people, it is no use railing at circumstances. For what we are we, and we alone, are responsible. We are the master-builders of our own lives.

And the chief materials with which we should build are interests—interests in people and things, in hobbies, in a thousand and one aspects of the teeming world around us.

For our capacity to grow and to develop is simply the measure of our capacity to learn. A man who stops learning is old, whether he stops at twenty or at eighty. The man who is satisfied with the position he has attained, and the progress he has made, is old. Age should never be measured in years. Its true measure is knowledge and experience and plasticity of mind.

Never stop learning. Never stop cultivating new interests. Never get so absorbed in business that you can't see or care for anything else. The key to life is to keep in touch with life—to be interested in what is going on around you, and to be up to date.

Youth, or middle-age, or maturity—what does it matter? The most marvellous thing about the human mind is that it never loses its power to acquire new knowledge, to explore new paths, to forge new links of interest. Never, that is, unless we allow it to rust away to uselessness by inactivity.

In the end it is not brilliance alone that carves a path to success and happiness; it is plasticity, adaptability, the ability to take root and feel at home anywhere.

To be able to adjust our minds and our personalities to our ever-changing environment is the golden sign of mental discipline and true self-control. For the alternative is just—drift.

EVERYBODY'S WAR

by James Spenser

THE end of a fight to the death between gangsters and the police in the heart of New York, in which six were killed and several injured, including innocent bystanders. Similar tolls in human life would be taken here, too, if Britain ever became a "gun-country," warns James Spenser

Dutch Schultz gang if he got too troublesome, but, as it turned out, he escaped that some years later by becoming one of Dutch's lieutenants.

Brussie decided he would give me a trial. He introduced me to two of his men, "Sprout" and "Batty," and told them they were to take me along when they went after their next truck. And they all three made it clear that if I tried "any funny business" I should be shot.

I don't want to give any impression of swaggering about my twelve months as a hijacker, but if I don't set down the facts I can't hope to convey the atmosphere which makes these things possible in the States.

Sprout and Batty and I did about twelve truck robberies before things got too hot for me in New York. Our method was always the same First we would steal a big powerful saloon car and drive away outside New York to a road where we knew a liquor truck was due to pass.

Sprout carried a "Tommy gun"—a machine-gun something like a Lewis. Batty had a couple of automatics, and I carried an automatic and two or three hand grenades.

When we got to a suitable stretch of the road Sprout would take cover with his Tommy gun; I would step behind a tree ready to walk out because I was the "show up" man, and Batty would be at the wheel of the car read, to swing it right across the road when the truck came into sight.

Directly we sighted the truck—or lorry, as it would be called here—Sprout fired a burst from his Tommy gun to kick up the dust; Batty blocked the road, and I, pulling a black mask down from under my cap over my eyes, stepped right out and covered the truck driver and his mate with my gun.

The stick-up game

With only three exceptions that was enough. The driver and his mate simply stuck up their hands, got down and "beat it" as per instructions. Then Sprout and I would drive the truck off by smaller roads to Long Island City, where we dumped the cargo of stolen liquor into one of Brussie's garages.

Batty would bring the stolen saloon back to the same garage by another route and leave it there with the garage keeper. That was *his* "rake off" for the job.

An average cargo was worth about fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds in English money, and Sprout, Batty and I were getting the equivalent of thirty pounds a week each on Brussie's pay roll.

We reckoned a truck a month was a fair average, and we spent our money on having what we thought was a good time.

There were three fights, two of them small affairs with the truck drivers firing a few shots more or less to put up some sort of a show and then flinging their guns into the road in sign of surrender.

The third affair was ugly, because the driver's mate had a Tommy gun himself and he and his pal didn't quit until I flung a grenade under the truck and half wrecked it.

Their guns came into the road after that, and we just let them get down and clear off. But we had to tranship the cargo that time because the lorry had been put out of action.

Now even in America you don't get main roads without a lot of traffic on them, but that didn't worry us. More than once I have known private cars drawn up some distance away up the road and down waiting for the fight to end. Their drivers had just heard shooting and instantly stopped where they were.

What is more, when we drove by them in the stolen truck, they all looked the other way.

The American public does *not* interfere between gangsters, partly because it's "a private war," partly because interference with a gunman is just next-door to suicide.

Bootleggers' vengeance

These things don't sound real back in England, but, then, this country has never really known the menace of the gun, and let's hope it never will.

After we had stolen our twelfth truck the Dutch Schultz gang began to get very sore with us, and one morning Batty was found dead in the street with half a dozen bullets in him.

Two days later a big car whizzed by Sprout and bullets fanned his ears. But he was lucky; they didn't get him that time.

I didn't wait for my turn. That same night I broke into a garage, stole a big car, and by dawn I was well on my way across the continent heading for San Francisco.

In 'Frisco I met another Englishman who had left Dartmoor just before I did. He suggested I should go to Los Angeles, and told me I might have a chance of joining up with Niley Payne, who was chief of a small territory there by sufferance, Marco being the big boss of the city.

Niley ran half a dozen speak-easies and a couple of gambling saloons, and he took me on as a chucker-out—complete with gun—to see that there was no trouble in his saloons.

And in the end, after adventures which I don't need to go into here, Marco had us all "framed," and we went to the "big house" at San Quentin, as I have already said.

I can't close this article without mentioning two more incidents I witnessed, which are typical of what goes on today in the States. The first was in San Francisco, where I had gone for a week's "holiday."

Naturally, I drifted into a tough crowd, and in a café there one afternoon, when we were all drinking and some girls were doing a cabaret act, we saw the doors swing open and two men walk in.

The first had an automatic in each hand; the second, who had a Tommy gun, shouted: "It's all right, boys. Keep quiet, this is no hold-up!"

Cold-blooded killing

One man in that café was seated at a little table by himself, and I could see his face. It twisted into a mask of such haunting terror that I have never been quite able to shut it out of my memory since.

The man with the Tommy gun just stood quietly at the door. Every other customer in the café had his hands up. The other gunman with his two automatics walked right up to the poor devil at the table by himself and fired shot after shot into his head and body at point blank range.

Then the two executioners left the café.

The other incident was less dramatic, but quite as significant. It occurred in Los Angeles about midnight. I turned a corner, and some fifty yards ahead of me I saw one hold-up man going through the pockets of an apparently prosperous citizen, who held his hands up under the threat of the second hold-up man's two guns.

A police car containing two armed officers swung down the street while this was going on. I could see the driver had put his foot on the brake. The car slowed just for a moment, and the man with the two guns swung half round in its direction.

Then the brake pedal was released and the police car flashed by without a shot fired or a word said. The hold-up men just went on with their job, and I turned back the way I had come.

Depends on you!

I repeat that such things can't be imagined in this country. But why not?

Because, so far, we have a virtually incorruptible police, justly administered laws, and, above all, a vast body of public opinion that holds justice and human life in high respect.

Is that same public as ready to back up the police to-day as it was some years ago? Has it still the same horror of the "bandit" and the potential gunman? Has it still sense enough to realise that there can be no "private wars" between criminals—that they also mean war on the public every time? And does it hold any of our laws in contempt?

I ask these questions because I think the menace of organised armed crime is directly dependent upon their answer.

Next Week:

WHEN THE GUNMEN COME TO LONDON

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to GEORGE ROBEY

You'd Blush at their JOKES Now!

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Although it is over thirty years ago that I wrote my first article about you—it was called "George Robey as a Sportsman"—I write this one with the same enthusiasm and with the same good will as that I felt all those years ago.

Two wars have stopped, since then. You and I have had more than one private one, between ourselves, and yet I must say they have always been conducted without bitterness, so that it was easy to shake hands afterwards.

You are over sixty now and yet, in all your life—ever since you were hired by "The Great Professor Kennedy," the mesmerist, for whom you agreed to sing a comic song "under control" if he did not stick needles in you, nor make you drink oil nor eat pepper—you have never missed an entrance.

* * *

That, I should think, is a world's record.

Of all the comedians who started when you did, you are the only one who remains supreme in his business. You always do your job and you always earn your money, even if, as sometimes happens, they pay you £600 a week.

You and I, my dear George, now live in an age when people do not learn their jobs. They don't in your business, and they don't in mine.

On the stage, they learn one silly little trick and then go off to cocktail parties. In my trade, they write a gossip paragraph or two, and think that is the earth.

You and I had to work.

Yes, you are the master of your trade of making people laugh, and yet I sometimes wonder, when I look round the halls and I see your would-be imitators, whether, in the end, it is not "character" that counts. I do not mean virtue, but guts.

For few people remember of you that when, years ago, you became heavily involved financially, you did not go bankrupt, as is the fashion nowadays. You paid off, after long labour, every penny of your debts and, never mind how irksome may have been the stage task you had to perform, you darned well did it.

* * *

When comedians like you ceased to develop their own personalities, the old music-hall, which is still spoken of in log cabins and shacks on the outposts of the Empire—well, it began to die.

There is nothing of the imitation American about you, anyway.

You will for long be remembered because of your daring. You and I have had at least one row about it. But this I will say of you—you got away with it, and most of the others couldn't.

You have such a way with you that audiences allow you to say anything. What it is I do not know, but you could get away with murder!

Now, recently, there has sprung up an exaggeration of your methods. If you went into some music-halls, just now, you would die of purity—want to buy a halo and wear it.

* * *

Anyhow, when I go into some of them, I hear jokes that I would censor without thinking more than a moment. You would stand beside me, and agree.

"That's too thick for me, Swaff," you would say.

I used to censor you, sometimes. Little did I dream that the time would come when certain American talkies would popularise a type of humour to which you would never descend, and when novels, written by young women, would become so frank that you, comparatively, would be thought restrained.

Besides, now a type of He-He comedian has sprung up who wants to be filthy without being funny.

Your humour, anyway, belonged to the four-ale bar, and you were not ashamed of it. These others are of a sniggering kind. Or else, they are silly little boys who, having just got on the stage, still think in the same words that, not long ago, they wrote on walls before they ran away. Beer is one thing; cocktails are another.

* * *

George, you and I must become joint censors. Then we could laugh at each other—and each put back the other's cuts.

You, at least, can mix with princes and say what you like. The man in the street respects you. You are an honest man and people know that that is so.

You sometimes worry me by having to be funny when we meet. Comedians have a way of telling me a funny story as though I am an audience instead of being a bit of a comedian myself, although I do not say the same thing every night.

* * *

They should not put you in shows like "Helen" again. Scenery gets in your way. You should not venture too much on your own in the West End.

Your place is on the halls, or in the great provinces, where you can be as broad as you like for as long as you like.

A great age passed when all the men like you had been born—this is a strange thing to say to a comic, isn't it?—and the country will be bigger again when it can breed people who, whatever their job is, do it with earnestness and sincerity, and with a desire to earn their money, never mind how much money they get.

You thought as the comedian of your kind did, in "character," in personality, in individual expression. Then the robots came along, the so-called artists who imitated each other just as do gramophone records, the free song pluggers, the accountants, the Business Men. Then Variety began to go.

When there are more George Robeys—virile, original, violent, if you like, but vital—well the Big Boom will be really on its way.

Show 'em how to work, George! Teach 'em how to keep at it!

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The BISHOP OF LONDON,
Fulham Palace, London, S.W.

DEAR BISHOP,—I welcome the shattering frankness of your Housing Committee's report, but I am shocked by the attitude of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners towards the "ghastly slums" from which, the report states, they draw large ground rents.

If the Paddington Borough Council has to give assistance from ratepayers' money to a local society engaged in housing work, the least the Commissioners can do is to devote part of their large income from slum property to the same purpose.

As you are one of the Commissioners, I trust you will use your influence to stop this grave scandal.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD: Welcome your statement that Post Office has made £10,000,000 surplus in year. But why add, "Let no one ask for penny post or anything like that." Something like that would help industry.—JOHN BULL.

LORD ANDERSON,
Edinburgh

MY LORD,—You deplored the method of "hold-ups" with revolvers as an importation from the United States when dealing, at Stirling High Court, with a man who presented a revolver at a postmaster and assaulted him.

You sent him to penal servitude for ten years.

We do many things better here than in America—and this is an instance. I congratulate you on treating a ruffian in the best possible way.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP of BLACKBURN: Half insured population of Blackburn is unemployed, and you say their patience and courage are both amazing. Wish more would help them to keep heart by recognising this fact.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD,
Recorder of London

M'LUD,—When told that the police had names and addresses of men who frequented "a horrible orgy of vice," you hoped the Director of Public Prosecutions would consider bringing these "human monsters" to justice.

This echoes a plea I made recently that not only the keepers of disorderly houses, but the men who attended their obscene exhibitions should be prosecuted. The police told you that little could be done. If this is so, then the sooner the law is amended the better.

JOHN BULL.

Major-General EVAN GIBB,
War Office

DEAR SIR,—You declare that "it is far better for British boys to join a Territorial unit on leaving school than go hiking with fat-faced women."

It would not be if militaristic associations led them to such breaches of good manners as you displayed in that remark, even if it was a heavy-handed effort at humour.

JOHN BULL.

ERNEST HENRY RAINEY,
Huntspill, Somerset

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry you stooped to a meanness one would not expect from an ex-police officer. You made a false representation to obtain an old-age pension for your wife, stating your police pension was 21s. 8d. instead of £3 a week.

For this you have been fined, and I imagine that—as one who has previously taken part in maintaining the law—you must feel pretty small. I hope you do, anyway.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. WM. HOPE FOWLER,
Edinburgh

DEAR DOCTOR,—You are one of the heroes of science.

As a result of your X-ray research work, you have had to have your right arm amputated. Despite this, you intend to return to your laboratory as soon as possible.

Britain owes such men as you a debt of gratitude it can never fully repay.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. T. CALVER,
Secretary, Amateur Boxing Assn.

DEAR SIR,—Your association has merely made itself ridiculous by suspending Captain E. V. Chandler, the amateur heavyweight.

His offence, it appears, was to enter the ring for a little amiable tomfoolery with Carnera at Mr. Harry Preston's annual show in aid of charity.

Your association's action is no tribute to its sense of sportsmanship. Try again!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THEODORE GIBBONS,
Neath Police Court

DEAR SIR,—I agree it is a mean trick for motor-cyclists to drive without third-party insurance, so they cannot compensate victims in case of accidents.

You warn such drivers that they will be severely dealt with if they appear before your court.

If other magistrates adopt a similar policy we shall soon see an end to this evil.

JOHN BULL.

by A. G. GARDINER

Little HOPE for "Little Willie"

"'Little Willie' is on the spot waiting for something to turn up"—and he may have to wait a long, long time

NO one can forecast the course of the crisis in Germany in the next few weeks; but for the first time since the war it seems conceivable that out of the chaos the Hohenzollerns may stage a "come-back."

I think the odds are against it; but the possibility is there.

One thing is clear. Constitutional government has gone by the board. Parliament may meet and the Republic may survive in form; but a dictatorship is imminent.

Who will play the part which Mussolini has played in Italy and Pilsudski has played in Poland?

It is generally agreed by all competent observers that the Nazis will be the biggest group returned at the election next month and the natural assumption would be that Hitler would be the dictator, with President Hindenburg in the part of figurehead which King Victor so obediently plays to Mussolini in Italy.

But is Hitler capable of doing the biggest one-man task in the world? Germany in disruption, after nearly twenty years of torture on the wheel of the war and the "peace," with six millions of unemployed and a bankrupt treasury, will be a handful for a Napoleon.

And Hitler is not a Napoleon. He is not a Mussolini. He is not even a Pilsudski. He is a Big Noise. He can beat the big drum. He can arouse the frenzy of the mob, and give it slogans and banners and vague hopes of deliverance.

Man of straw—

But no one expects that he can ride the greatest storm that has swept over the Fatherland or bring the battered wreck to port.

He will be a transient incident in the terrific drama of Germany. Other hands will snatch at the helm and the civil war that has been raging for months between the Nazis and the Communists will come to a head.

Anything is possible. We cannot even rule out the capture of the reins of government by the communists. They are relatively small in numbers, but Lenin seized Russia with a mere handful of determined followers, and if there were a Lenin in Germany he might do the same. But no man of the stature of Lenin is visible.

There is another possibility, and it is here that the Hohenzollerns have their chance.

The man to keep one's eye on is General von Sleicher. It is he who upset Bruening's apple-cart, and is the real power at the moment behind Von Papen and Hindenburg.

He is a militarist, a Nationalist and a man of action. His sympathies are monarchist, and he engineered the flight of the Kaiser into Holland.

He has shown that he has the ear of Hindenburg and can make the old man pull the strings as he wants them pulled.

His association with the Kaiser's flight has made him suspect by the Republicans, but now that he is in the Government and has his hand on the tiller he has the opportunity of snatching the dictatorship.

He may do this under Hitler's nose, for though Hitler's party will be the most numerous, it will not be in a majority of the Reichstag.

Von Sleicher might even make terms with Hitler, for though Hitler is a sort of a Socialist, he is much more of an opportunist, and it is significant that the ex-Crown Prince has coquetted with him and that another of the Kaiser's sons actually stood as one of the Nazi candidates in the recent Prussian election.

All this points to a possible *coup*. Von Sleicher may play the part which General Monk played when he restored Charles II. to the throne in England. There are two difficulties in his path.

The first is the disrepute into which the Hohenzollerns have fallen even among the German monarchists. They have never forgiven the ex-Kaiser for not facing the music. When he fled into Holland he destroyed his own reputation and went far to destroy the legend of his house.

His own return is out of the question. And though "Little Willie" is on the spot waiting for something to turn up, he, too, is a gentleman with a past which does not make him a popular hero.

The second difficulty is that Bavaria, which is the most powerful State in Germany after Prussia, has a traditional dislike both for Prussia and the Hohenzollerns. If there is to be a restoration of the monarchy in Germany the Bavarians would prefer to see the heir to the Bavarian throne, who did not disgrace himself in the war, chosen for the job.

The odds, as I have said, are against a Hohenzollern restoration. But if Von Sleicher is resolute, it is on the cards.

The ex-Crown Prince may yet wear the crown of the Kaiser. It would be a crown of thorns and he would not be likely to wear it long. He would be merely a figure-head behind which the dictatorship would function.

For amid all the uncertainties of the world to-day, one thing is certain. There is no "come-back" for the Dynasts. The war swept away the hereditary despots of Europe and they will never return.

The world may be doubtful about every form of government in turn. It may flounder from democracy to dictatorship. It may try Stalin at one end of the scale and Mussolini at the other. It may hesitate between a constitutional monarchy and a Parliamentary Republic.

But there is one thing it has made up its mind for ever about. And that is that it can never again suffer the fate of a whole continent to be in the hands of two or three despots whom it has not elected, whom it cannot dismiss and whom it cannot control.

And no family has done so much to teach it this lesson as the Hohenzollern family.

Kaiserism is dead

The weak-minded, but well-intentioned, Tsar contributed his share in bringing about the mighty tragedy that has shattered Europe; but the part he played was that of a poor, helpless simpleton flung into a position of power for which he was utterly unfitted.

But Kaiserism, under the terrific searchlight thrown on it since the war, is revealed as the most diabolical system of government—secret, false treacherous—that has ever afflicted the earth.

If the German people were mad enough to wish to restore that system, which I am sure they are not, the public opinion of Europe would make it impossible.

The world has finished with despotic monarchy for ever. It has gone out in the greatest blaze that has ever set the world in flames, and there is no resurrection for it. Hohenzollernism is as dead as mutton.

Monarchy can only survive in the form in which we know it. It is in a form in which the King reigns but does not govern.

It is not personal rule, but constitutional rule. The people elect the Parliament, the Parliament controls the executive, the executive acts through the King.

Thus the King is the constitutional mouthpiece of the democracy, and so long as we have monarchs who understand and respect the nature of their office as the present King does, we shall preserve a system of government which has shown itself to be the most stable and efficient in the world.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Colonel Diehard Defends—

Arms and the Mannequin

YOU know who I am? I'm the Colonel!
Attention! Salaam! Salute!
"Eyes right!" is the order when I'm about,
My whisper is worse than the Sergeant's shout;
When I thunder the ranks are mute.

And thunder I do with a vengeance
When I think of this latest scheme
For giving the Army a brand-new kit;
Visions fantastic before me flit
Like a weird Fred Karno dream!

Slouch hats, sir! And Norfolk jackets!
A shirt which the neck leaves bare!
These are the horrors I read about,
Which add new pangs to the pangs of gout
As I sit in my club armchair!

Did you ever hear of anything like it, sir? If it hadn't been that the old enemy had forced me to travel on the water-wagon for weeks, I would have blamed the club whisky and refused to believe my eyes when I read of the dress-reform programme now under consideration by a War Office committee.

The War Office has always been the refuge of military incompetents, and now apparently it has become a nesting-place for Bolshevists. How else explain proposals to abolish the present field-service cap, the close-fitting khaki jacket and the heavy trousers and puttees?

They are now prating of slouch hats with wide brims! And Norfolk jackets! As for leg wear, this precious committee has not yet made up its so-called mind regarding the respective merits of knickerbockers, shorts and plus-fours. Gad, sir! every confounded member of the committee should be court-martialled!

And what is the object of these preposterous proposals? They say that the present service dress is uncomfortable and unhygienic. To which I reply definitely and succinctly "Bosh!"

What has the British private to do with comfort? Were the uniforms in which the battle of Waterloo was won comfortable? No, sir! In those days our policy was to make life for the private soldier so dashed uncomfortable that a bullet or cannon-ball held no terrors for him. But nowadays an officer is asked for an explanation if his men's feet are blistered!

We are told that the present service caps are too tight and the collars restrict the throat. But what do such details matter as long as the appearance of the Army is smart and soldier-like?

Appearance, sir, is what counted in my day. *We* didn't worry over an ingrowing toenail as long as the buttons of a tunic were properly polished, and we didn't care what was inside a man's head as long as it fitted his busby.

Those were the days when a soldier *looked* like a soldier, even though he may have felt like an Arctic explorer or a touring musical comedy company.

Get my tunic out of moth-balls, take my busby from its hook;
Go, search the tool-shed for my trusty sword.
I'll let you see just how a British soldier used to look
E'er elegance and style went by the board.

Admittedly, when thus arrayed, we could not "stand at ease";
But, gad! we always played a soldier's part.
'Twas then the British Army won its proudest victories
By devastating ev'ry female heart.

Of course, I can't go marching, for my boots are somewhat tight;
And this headgear is too heavy for my head;
But when this collar's buttoned my appearance will be right,
For my face then matches with my tunic's red!

Men...DON'T PAY FANCY PRICES!

WISE SAVING IS WISE SPENDING

In size and quality these Preparations are in every way equal to articles which you have been accustomed to purchasing at 1/- and 1/6. They are luxuries you can afford—profusely lathering Shaving Sticks and Cream, a perfect solid Brilliantine, refreshing Dental Cream.

On sale at Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers and Woolworth's

FOR BIG VALUES—FIELD'S LAVENDER

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD. LONDON S.E.1 Est 1642, in the Reign of Charles I.

Your dentist will tell you at once the toothpaste to use

And Colgate's does what your dentist will tell you a toothpaste should do. As Colgate's melts it develops energy to penetrate concealed tooth fissures
It goes wherever the saliva goes, searching out impurities and carrying them away.

Colgate's cleans every surface of each tooth. That is why more dentists advise its use.

Large Size - - - 1/-
Medium Size - - 6d.

MADE IN ENGLAND

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road London, S.W.1.
Send post card (1d. postage)

ONE OF THE BEST

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Player's Please

For Quality and Quantity

N.C.C. 115.

THIS is the last of "John Bull's" sensational disclosures, which have led to a widespread demand that dog-racing must be purged of the scandalous practices we have exposed.

DOG-RACING MUST BE Cleaned Up

A filing clerk at the National Greyhound Racing Club. On the diagram he holds in his hand is entered full particulars of the dog's appearance, including the colour of his eyes and the length of his tail!

EVERYONE with an inside knowledge of dog-racing admires the way the National Greyhound Racing Club, the ruling body of all licensed tracks, has fought to keep the sport clean in this country.

Yet there are individuals who, though recognising the club's honesty of purpose and *bona-fide* personnel, seek to undermine its authority by inaugurating superfluous rival bodies.

One of these, which made an audacious attempt to challenge the governing body's supremacy, rejoiced in the pretentious title of the Greyhound Racing and Racecourse Federation of Great Britain, Ltd.

Confusion

With colossal impudence the federation actually took offices beneath the recognised club's headquarters in Piccadilly, leading to confusion in many people's minds.

The object of this federation was to act as the guiding body for unlicensed tracks. The "need" for its existence its promoters summarised as follows:

"There are more than treble the number of Greyhound Racing tracks in Great Britain than the number licensed under the National Greyhound Racing Club, and the question naturally arises in the minds of those unacquainted with the true state of affairs: What are the reasons for this unsatisfactory position from the greyhound owners' point of view?

"There are to-day many tracks being run without being controlled by a governing body. The executive or management of these tracks are anxious to come under a ruling body having rules and regulations more or less democratic. . . ."

The prospectus omitted to indicate what was the "true state of affairs." Nor did it explain why certain people were anxious to come under a ruling body.

For, as everyone knows, there is a ruling body which they can recognise if they will. But the truth is that it will not recognise them.

The prospectus was, in fact, the best tribute to the National Greyhound Racing Club that could have been issued, for it went so far as to admit that there were at least 130 unlicensed tracks which were in need of control! It also proposed to have persons of integrity to aid in governing tracks.

But this federation was certainly not the sort of body that should control those tracks.

One of the men who sang this federation's praises was at one time associated prominently with an unlicensed track which, both financially and otherwise, ended in disaster.

At this track dogs were constantly raced under false names, and, when the National Greyhound Racing Club ascertained that some had performed on its licensed tracks, it warned them off for ever.

The federation's venture recently fizzled out—at least, it has so far achieved nothing of a constructive nature in the dog-racing world.

The need for the rules and regulations it so blatantly spoke about in connection with unlicensed tracks is only too real.

They are needed to check, among other things, the substitution and painting of dogs, overfeeding to prevent true running, dishonest promoters running their own dogs fraudulently for monetary gain, races "arranged" through paid nominees for betting coups, fraudulently worked totalisators, and the racing of good dogs in false names.

All of these malpractices we have exposed in our previous disclosures, but there is, unfortunately, no means of stopping them or of ending this disgraceful exploitation of the public until unlicensed tracks are brought under proper control.

The "Dog Yard"

The National Greyhound Racing Club is doing its best—and doing it successfully—to keep the sport above suspicion on its own tracks. Its laws are stringent. It has its own "Scotland Yard." Strict watch is kept by its stewards and officials on all aspects of racing—the proper registration of dogs, owners, trainers, and track managements.

It insists that a new track must secure affiliation to the club before it can apply for a licence.

And that affiliation is granted only after very careful investigation of the financial resources of the proposed track, the standing of its directors, the probability of its success, and the possibility of it interfering with a track already established in the same area.

With 6,000 dogs being raced on licensed tracks every week, the club's task of guarding against possible substitution of crack runners for dogs of doubtful form is colossal.

That is why every greyhound registered with the club has a passport which must follow it everywhere. Before it can race under National Greyhound Racing Club rules it must first be registered with the English or Irish coursing clubs.

Then, when it is offered for registration with the Greyhound Racing Club, the owner must state its name and the names of its sire and dam, date of birth, sex, colour of eyes, height at shoulder, length of tail and girth.

Passport safeguard

Blank diagrams are provided, and on these the owner must fill in the actual markings of the animal, in front and behind. Even toenails must be separately described in the records, and any unusual marking or blemish must be revealed.

A certificate of registration is issued only when the officials have satisfied themselves that the description is accurate in every particular.

When it is intended to run a dog the racing manager of the particular track notifies the club that the animal has arrived. He is then furnished with a book containing blank diagrams in which he must sketch its markings. The book is afterwards returned to the club for comparison with the registered description. If the descriptions tally, the book is officially stamped and returned to the racing manager.

The owner never at any time has possession of this book, which is the greyhound's "passport" throughout its racing life.

Even when it is thus proved that the right greyhound is in the kennels, a further check is made just before the race. Under the club rules the entrants must be in the track kennels two hours before the first event.

Before the greyhounds enter the racing kennels the racing manager, with the veterinary surgeon—who, by the way, is always in attendance—is compelled to tour the kennels and check each animal with its identity book. When the vet. has pronounced them "racing fit" the dogs are all locked up under a special guard and no unauthorised person may approach them.

This system, to give a case in point, enabled the officials of the Brighton and Hove Stadium to discover that a dog entered some time ago as "Money Getter" was in reality a famous animal named "Brilliant Gambler."

The dog, thus cleverly detected, was very properly not allowed to run.

Nothing like this is practised on most unlicensed tracks, so the public can well imagine how easy it is for shady practices to go on behind the scenes.

Our final warning

There is only one thing to be done if dog-racing is not to go "to the dogs" and cease to be a great popular sport.

And that is that legislation is necessary to give local authorities the right to check the growth of mushroom tracks, to insist that none shall be opened if they are superfluous, if their promoters are not financially sound, or if the officials are directly or indirectly interested financially in the running of dogs.

Moreover, every track must be run on the lines laid down by the National Greyhound Racing Club, the recognised governing body of the sport.

One last point, in absolute fairness. There are many unlicensed tracks which, though unrecognised by the National Greyhound Racing Club, are run under the strictest rules.

Some local authorities, indeed, actually favour them, and derive considerable financial help from their existence.

This is all the more reason why legislation, on the lines we have suggested, should be introduced without delay.

Our Guarantee to Readers

THE link between regular readers and advertisers of a great national journal like JOHN BULL is infinitely stronger than many people imagine.

We have evidence of it every day in our heavy postbag, in which numerous readers and advertisers air their views with an intimacy that shows the affection and esteem in which JOHN BULL is held.

A typical tribute comes from Mr. Bob Martin, senr., the founder of the firm of dog medicine manufacturers, whose name is a household word.

"I can testify," he declares, "to the eagerness of readers to acquire information which they would have no opportunity of getting from any other source but advertisements.

"I am glad to say that in thousands of homes throughout the country the dog is now regarded—as is his due—as one of the family, and readers appreciate what I am able to tell them about their dogs' welfare.

"In common with many other advertisers, I have reason to be grateful for the confidence which exists between JOHN BULL, its readers, and those who use its advertising columns."

Such confidence is a commonplace. It is borne of our unique advertisement guarantee which appears regularly in every issue.

We take particular pride in inserting only advertisements of reliable goods or services. Fastidious, perhaps, but we consider it well worth while.

In living up to our pledge to the public we have in recent years declined at least £100,000 worth of advertising, of which we could not conscientiously approve. And we have satisfactorily investigated and settled any complaints that have arisen.

When the business created by JOHN BULL advertisements amounts to millions of pounds yearly, occasional dissatisfaction is inevitable, but every reader is fully protected under our guarantee.

That is why there is such friendly contact between readers and advertisers, and why our postbag is full of tributes that are a joy to read.

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN in MEN'S SHOES!

REDUCED FROM 13/9 to 9/9

Derby or Oxford

SHOE

SENT FOR 1/- DEPOSIT

This is a remarkable offer in Men's Footwear. These Shoes are honestly worth 13/9, but for one month we are offering them at 9/9 as an inducement to readers. They are strong and durable, and are just the type of Shoe for present wear.

MB.40 is in Oxford style, with closed front (*see* illustration), in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.

MB.41 is in Derby style, with open front and medium toe. Can be had in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.

(*In ordering, please say which style required and whether Black or Tan.*)

We will send you a pair of these Shoes at once on approval, for a deposit of 1/- only (*see* Coupon). If you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the Shoes, unworn, and your money will be immediately refunded.

Why not send Coupon NOW and save money?

SIZES: 6 to 11.

BARGAIN COUPON—MEN'S SHOES.

Please send me, on approval, at this week's Bargain price of 9/9, one pair Shoes.

Size required .....

Description .....

Black or Tan .....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- or more. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH NAME AND FULL ADDRESS AND POSTAL ORDER CROSSED THUS //. *Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.*

"*John Bull*," 18/6/32. *No.* 609.

Post your order to—

Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 609, Ambrose House, 69, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

ENJOY A PRIVATE INCOME

We have vacancies for ladies as spare-time Agents, who can earn a regular and lucrative Income. Liberal commissions are allowed and no outlay whatsoever is required. The work is pleasant and we supply everything necessary to start. Why not write for particulars?

Address: I.A.S. Dept., AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 69, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

CHILD'S FACE WAS A SIGHT

Covered With Red Blotches. Healed by Cuticura.

"My little girl's face was covered with red blotches from ear to ear. On account of the irritation she scratched them a good deal in her sleep They soon formed wet, sore eruptions that scaled over. Her nights were very restless and I had to keep her home from school because her face was a sight.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased one tin of the Ointment and one tablet of Soap and after using them she was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. Watts, "Corona" Hart Plain Ave., Cowplain Hants.. Eng.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

TASTE! TEST!

CHEW! CHOOSE!

£1,175 IN PRIZES

1,003 CASH PRIZES

RULES OF THE CONTEST.

All you have to do is:—

1. Buy three penny packets of Beech-Nut Mint Chewing Gum.
2. Time yourself and, we suggest, your friends to see how long the mint flavour can be detected.
3. From these tests, forecast *number of minutes and seconds* (not exceeding two hours) which, in your judgment, will prove to be *the average of all qualified entries* received as to how long the flavour lasts per piece.
4. Finally, decide, in your judgment, the *order of importance* of the six reasons for chewing Beech-Nut listed on entry form.
5. Fill in your time estimate, number the reasons in your chosen order, add your name and address (not forgetting to pin on yellow labels of three packets), detach and post coupon below as directed.

The winners will be the entrants whose estimates first of time and then order of importance most closely approximate that of the average of all qualified entries. You may send as many entries as you like provided *each* entry is on a coupon or printed form and accompanied by three (3) Beech-Nut yellow labels. Forms for additional entries obtained at shops or sent direct from York on request. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided. Entries must be sufficiently stamped and addressed and *must* be received *before* or by first post on June 30th, 1932. The complete list of prize winners will be published in *The People*, July 17th. No responsibility assumed for, or account taken of, entries lost in post or otherwise. Decision of judges, Messrs. Hugh Macrae & Co., Chartered Accountants, Kingsway, London, final on all points.

BEECH NUT mint CHEWING GUM

and it's **BRITISH**

enter NOW— closing date June 30th!

1ST PRIZE £100, 2ND PRIZE £50, 3RD PRIZE £25, 1000 OF £1

It's now or never! If you haven't yet entered this simple and delightful contest in which more than a thousand cash prizes are soon to be awarded, do so now! Here's your opportunity to enjoy a delicious treat and enrol for a prize at the same time.

You see we're offering all these prizes because *we* know that the refreshing peppermint flavour of Beech-Nut lasts longer than in any other chewing gum! And we know how that flavour is forced deep into the heart of the gum, blended there with a higher proportion of costly chicle; ensuring velvet smoothness with no hint of bitter after-taste, retaining the flavour long after the delicious sugar coating is dissolved. Finally, we know about the special process which seals in this flavour—keeps it fresh till released by your teeth.

Of course, *we* know about all these things which make Beech-Nut Mint Chewing Gum by all odds the finest you can buy, BUT WE WANT *YOU* TO KNOW THEM. Especially do we want you to prove to yourself how remarkably long its better, fresher flavour lasts. Hence this simple, fascinating competition certain to leave a good taste in everyone's mouth. The rules are at the left and the coupon below. Enter TO-DAY, while there's still time to win one of the many cash prizes

CUT AND ATTACH 3 'BEECH-NUT' YELLOW WRAPPERS
and post to BEECH-NUT SWEETS (ENGLAND) LIMITED, 61, Wigginton Road, York.

Name _____

Address _____

TIME FLAVOUR LASTS (not over 2 hours) ____ Mins ____ Secs

Post in sealed envelope using 1½d. stamp.

Write in Ink. Use BLOCK LETTERS.

REASONS (*Number in order of preference*)

☐ AIDS DIGESTION ☐ SWEETENS BREATH

☐ BETWEEN SMOKES ☐ BRIGHTENS TEETH

☐ ECONOMICAL ☐ SOOTHES NERVES

B.5.

If you require further entry forms, tick here ☐

DELIVERED FOR 8/6

TOURIST CYCLE

FINEST CYCLE VALUE IN ENGLAND

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
DUNLOP HAMMOCK SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED
OILBATH CHAIN CASE
VALANCED MUDGUARD

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES
LYCETTE SADDLE
RENOLD CHAIN
CHROMIUM PLATED

All Cycles are equipped with Pump, Toolbag, Tools, Oilcan & Reflector.

Frames, 22, 24, 26 ins.

CYCLE DEPT., FIRST FLOOR.

CASH PRICE £5-10-0 or delivered for 8/6 and 14 further monthly payments of 8/6.

CASH PRICE £3-17-6 or delivered for 6/- and 14 further monthly payments of 6/-.

SELFRIDGE'S

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1.

DELIVERED FOR 6/-

ROADSTER CYCLE

Woman Wins Crossword Prize Outright!

Result of "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 167.

The only correct solution in this contest was received from—

Mrs. M. Smith,

57, South Street, Andover, Hants.

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £1,000.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 28th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "SCRUTINY" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 20 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 10s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of £1,000 and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on Page 22. In addition to these huge prizes there is an extra award of a £300 Holiday House to be divided between all the winners. Try Your Skill Now!

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS *Exposes*—

A Brazen-Faced FAMILY

AS an exhibition of brazen effrontery and shameful deceit, it is hard to beat a family conspiracy I have just had investigated.

Off and on for six months I have been surprised to read advertisements offering business opportunities in East Africa, and, particularly, training on coffee plantations, with a salaried post to follow.

This appeared strange in the light of the unemployment which prevails there.

As I surmised, a merry game of false pretences was being played, and some remarkable facts concerning the players have emerged from the evidence I have obtained.

The most recent advertisement, I learn, produced at least 700 replies by letter and telegram in one day, and those who wrote to the box-number found themselves in touch with Mr. S. W. Howell, of Paignton, Devon.

To those who, after writing to him, were invited to interview him Howell has been dispensing hospitality at a villa named **Knocknasna**, which stands on a hill above **Paignton** overlooking the blue waters of **Torbay**.

Fictitious estates

In these pleasant surroundings, his guests were informed that he has had long experience as a coffee planter, and that those who joined him on his estates in Kenya would have to pay him up to £400 each.

Let me disclose right away that Howell has no estates in Kenya or anywhere else, and that he knows nothing whatever about coffee growing.

It is true that he has been making grandiose enquiries at merchants' offices in London regarding estates for sale in Kenya, but where the money is to come from to buy one, unless it be from those who answer his advertisements, he alone must know.

A number of other people who have had unfortunate financial transactions with him would, however, very much like to know, too.

It will be interesting to observe how long the entertaining of prospective investors will continue at the Paignton villa. A few days ago, it was stated in a court action that the furniture had been hired and not paid for, and an order was made for it to be returned.

A man who visited the Howell home the other day was received by a woman who said she was Mrs. Howell. Her husband and herself, she explained, came home on holiday every second year from their East African estates, which they had owned for twelve years, and which, in their absence, were in charge of her brother, Mr. Edward Brown.

Culture in Kenya!

She stipulated for a payment of £450 to her husband as a premium for tuition in coffee cultivation.

This woman is not Mrs. Howell. She is Violet, the twenty-three-year-old unmarried daughter of S. W. Howell. There is no such person as Edward Brown.

The daughter herself, I have discovered, has been advertising for investors for a mythical venture of her own in East Africa. The sum she required from them was £300.

Her proposition was to open beauty parlours in Nairobi, Kenya, and to travel the country by motor-car—hairdressing and selling toilet requisites, lotions and creams, of which, she said, she had secret recipes.

In letters to and conversation with one Bristol woman, from whom she sought to extract £300 and whom she induced to visit the villa, Miss Howell related the usual nonsense about the family estates in East Africa, mentioned that she and Mr. Howell had been home on furlough since last September, and described the beauties and profits of their plantations.

When the Howells learned that the woman was married, the father promptly also offered her husband a coffee-planting post for £400.

The sum and substance of the Howells' connection with Kenya is that three months ago a young son, John Edward Howell, paid £200 as two years' rent for the lease of a small plantation in the Limoru district. It is what is known as a one-man plantation with meagre living accommodation.

Where he got this £200 from and the money to pay for his passage is a matter which awaits explanation, because he left this country under a siege of creditors.

Left in the lurch

The Howells have not owned estates in East Africa for twelve years. That is a complete fiction.

So far as S. W. Howell, the father, is concerned, I have been able to trace his association for twenty years in a clerical capacity with motor-car companies in London and Liverpool.

Four years ago he arrived with his family in Paignton and leased premises and a house near the beach, where he ran a business named the Kit Kat Café. He also opened a confectionery and tobacco business on the pleasure pier.

The rent was not paid for either, and the bailiffs had to sell what was available.

Traders who supplied goods were left in the lurch, and even tradesmen who decorated the premises and painted the signs were unpaid.

When attempts were made to serve debt summonses, the creditors were told that the Mr. Howell who gave the orders had left for Australia. On other occasions he was supposed to have gone to India.

Schoolboy director

The son, John, who, I have found, was a company director and signed share certificates when he must have been little older than a schoolboy, then started business with his father between Paignton and Torquay as a nurseryman and florist.

Rent was also not paid there for the shop, house, two nurseries, and an area of ground which had been acquired ostensibly for cultivation. Again, too, traders who had provided the wherewithal for the business were coolly ignored when they asked for payment.

The last of the Howell "estates," a nursery at Torquay, where again, in the family manner, the rent was not paid

When the Howells abandoned this enterprise after again being sold up, a notice, presumably for the guidance of creditors, was posted, giving an address to which the business had been transferred.

Anyone searching for the address would have found that it was a bare field with sheep grazing upon it.

John Howell then blossomed forth as the promoter of a non-existent public company called Torbay Air Lines, Ltd., which was to conduct commercial seaplane services between Plymouth and Irish ports and engage in pleasure air-cruising. He advertised nationally for investors.

As proof of the sincerity of his intentions, he invited leading citizens to take trips in a splendid amphibian passenger 'plane which he induced an aircraft firm to send down for a day to Paignton.

As usual, nothing was paid for, not even the petrol and oil.

Creditors have been faced with extraordinary difficulties in taking legal action against the Howells. On one occasion, when a sheaf of summonses had to be served on the son, it could only be done by arresting the father on a committal order for debt and waiting until the son appeared to pay for his freedom.

Astute youth

When pursued by summons-servers, the son once got a woman to lock him in a greenhouse; and another time men on motor bicycles had to form a cordon in the streets so that he could be intercepted.

Solicitors waited in vain to deal with John Howell in the county court recently. On notepaper ridiculously declaring that his business had been established for more than a century, the father wrote to the judge that he could not get in touch with his son, and thus secured a two months' delay in the proceedings.

He did not disclose that, rather than face the music, the son had left the country.

It was given out in the district that he had gone to Egypt as an Imperial Airways pilot. Actually this jobbing gardener has moved to Kenya.

Anyone who still wishes to invest money in the Howell estates and plantations or beauty parlours is welcome to do so.

Crooked "Gadget Man"

AS a class the ever-growing army of motoring enthusiasts is particularly susceptible to anything "new" that is likely to improve the running of their cars or add to their appearance or general utility.

The "gadgets" of all descriptions which are on the market to supply the needs of motorists have been added to by a touring crook who "specialises" in a motor-car "thief alarm."

None, however, is in use, nor is it likely to be used. Yet a man of many aliases is making a fine living out of it.

Duping the motoring community is the special proclivity of this individual, who recently has been operating mostly in the names of Thomas Robinson, Thomas Robson, and Thomas Piling Dodson.

* * *

He is a very smart fellow; a dapper individual of about fifty years of age. He tours about in a car, and with him is the inevitable attaché-case.

His story is that he represents a motor-car company, a concern that has placed upon the market something that must be of interest to all car-owners.

He states that the motor-car company has patented a "thief alarm" which, when fitted to a car, gives a signal at the moment anyone touches the vehicle. Cars left unattended are, therefore, protected for the owners.

Robinson boasts of the hundreds of these alarms which he has sold in different parts of the country, and, apparently, he is so good a salesman that he has obtained many orders, cash in advance, and has absconded with the money.

* * *

His story is a pack of lies. He represents nobody but himself, and the only alarm he has ever handled is the one he carries with him.

Motorists all over the country are here warned of the man. He is much travelled and the field of his operations is widespread.

Recent complaints of his dupes come from Hawkshead, Kingsley, Kearsley, Gainsborough, Chester, Luton, Pendleton, Morecambe, Fleetwood, Derby, Buxton, Garstang, Walkden, Skerton, Birmingham, Shrewsbury and Manchester.

If "Robinson," "Robson" or "Dodson" comes your way, a "thief alarm" to the police-station is the best course to adopt.

Lux *Toilet* Soap now REDUCED in price

now 3d

~~4d~~ *formerly*

BUT NO CHANGE IN QUALITY!

Lowest price ever for a luxury soap—made possible only by enormous demand

JUST 3 pennies now suffice to buy you the loveliest, the most beautifying of soaps—Lux Toilet Soap! It's now reduced in price—from 4d to 3d—the lowest price ever for a luxury soap!

Only because Lux Toilet Soap has such an enormous sale has it been possible to reduce the price in this way.

It is now made and sold in such vast quantities—more than 270,000,000 tablets a year—that very substantial savings in manufacturing costs have been effected. *The whole benefit of these savings is passed on by Lever Brothers Limited to the public!*

THE BEAUTY-CARE FILM STARS USE. If you don't already use Lux Toilet Soap, now is your chance to begin. Remember—it's a proved method of complexion-care—used by 705 out of 713 film stars to whom skin-beauty is essential.

Let Lux Toilet Soap keep your skin smooth, young! Ask your dealer for it—now 3d a tablet.

RUTH CHATTERTON (Warner Brothers)

Famous film stars and countless others use Lux Toilet Soap to guard their exquisite complexions

LUX Toilet SOAP *now* 3D.

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LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

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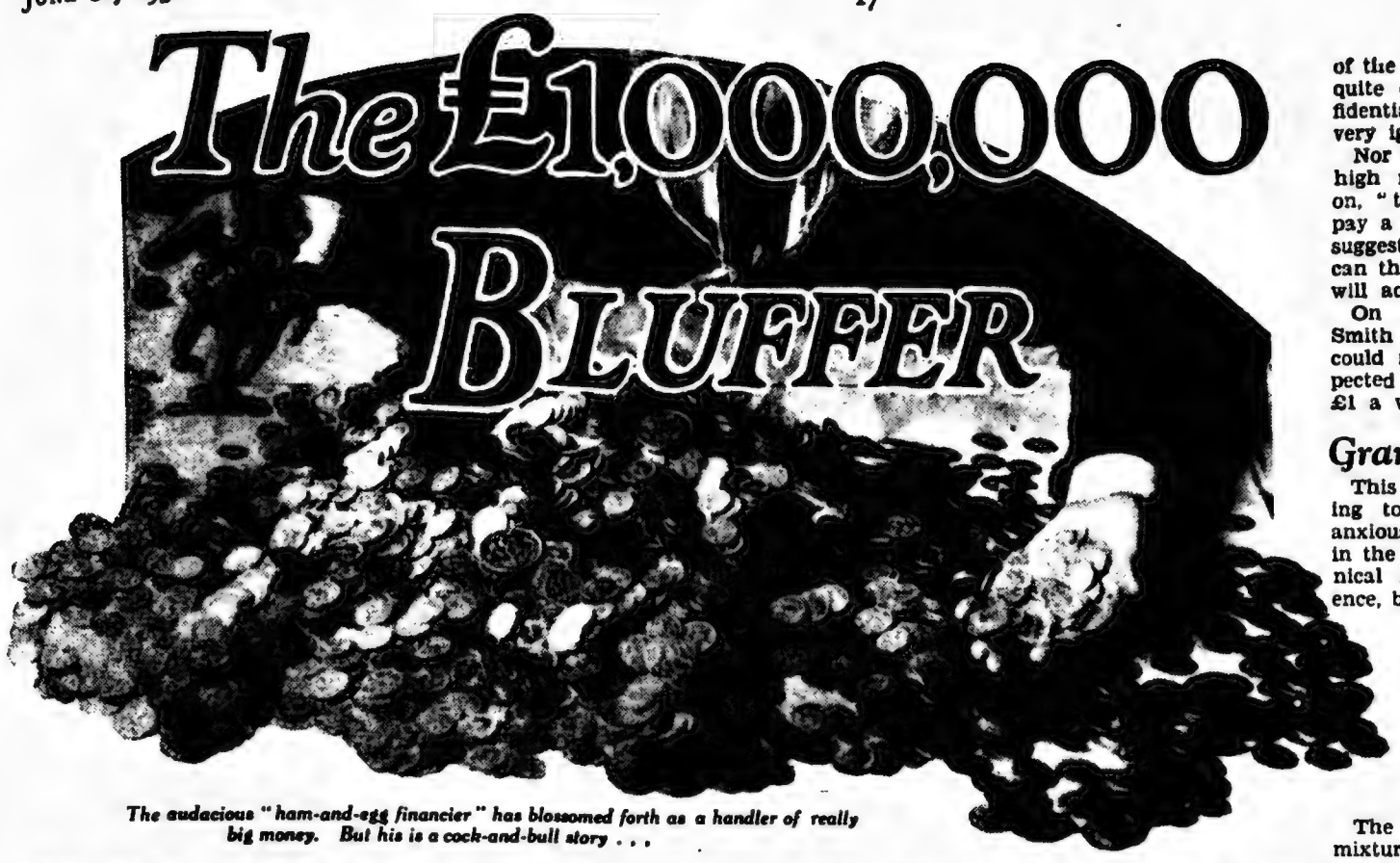

The audacious "ham-and-egg financier" has blossomed forth as a handler of really big money. But his is a cock-and-bull story . . .

THINKING in millions is an intoxicating pastime, and that no doubt accounts for the incredible audacity of some of our would-be financiers.

But it becomes more than a pastime when played by such people as Mr. Leonard Smith, of 37a, Horse Fair, Birmingham.

Mr. Smith has a modest name, and is a man of modest beginnings. But he is not so modest in his latest enterprise.

He has, in fact, he will tell you, no less than £1,000,000 to invest in sound mortgages of freehold properties in any good town, and he holds out lucrative baits to those who answer his advertisements.

"Paltry thousands"

All he says he wants is active agents to find him investments which he can submit to his principals.

For this simple task he will allow the agents to retain half the commission plus their out-of-pocket expenses.

He will supply cards to be presented to solicitors, estate-agents and architects "who can usually submit sound propositions for borrowing money." He will also send suitable advertisements to insert in the local paper.

The larger the sums required, he declares, the better, of course, will be the commissions.

But agents are advised not to despise applications for "only a thousand or two, as these small sums can be arranged much more quickly than larger amounts, and usually carry a higher rate of commission."

For such a "lucrative agency as this," however, he expects a premium of at least £50, but he is willing to accept only £10 in advance, the balance to be paid out of earned commissions.

No technical knowledge or financial experience, he assures potential agents, is necessary—"only common sense." On receipt of the £10 he will send "very definite instructions" how to proceed, and if these are carried out carefully a very handsome income is assured.

So certain, in fact, is Leonard Smith that his unknown correspondents will get rich quickly, that, if they have not earned at least £50 each within a month he magnanimously offers to return the £10 advanced.

"Can anything be fairer than that?" he asks rhetorically.

He will give "the best of all references," though what exactly this constitutes he refrains from saying. However, pursuing his policy of fairness, he will be quite satisfied if the agents "can reciprocate."

You may well ask: Who is this Leonard Smith with £1,000,000 at call?

Well, we can tell you, for as far back as 1910 we had occasion to comment on his scheme for setting up all and sundry in the ham business.

Operating from 65, Gillott Road, Birmingham, he was prepared to supply a special mixture for curing legs of pork.

In this venture, he explained, the capital could be turned over "four times a year" and that starting with a capital of £400 a profit of £500 could be made within that period.

At that time we suggested that Smith should start in the ham business himself and let us know how the scheme worked out. Needless to say, we are still waiting for information.

We next came across him when he had moved to 112, Gillott Road, Birmingham. From ham he had gone to eggs, and wanted agents, with nerve enough to demand a shilling for a four-page pamphlet on "Egg Production in the Backyard."

His faith in his own pamphlet is best indicated by his confidential advice to those about to become agents. "Your best customers," he said, "will be those who have not yet started keeping poultry."

Ham and eggs, however, apparently failed to satisfy his appetite.

Anyhow, ham and eggs were "off" when we discovered him last year inviting people all over the country to "make a good living" by acting as his agent for a very valuable patent for the "improvement of mincing machines."

The worm mystery

All they had to do was to send to him 3s. and he would forward instructions for treating the worm of each machine, together with a small sample worm already treated.

Smith placed himself entirely in the agents' hands to send him all the "royalties" he was entitled to—1s. on each large mincing machine treated and 3d. on the small machines used by private householders.

He advised his agents to take round an unemployed filer with them and let him do the work, which consisted in having teeth or grooves filed into the edges of the worm in a specific manner.

Why the unemployed filer could not also act as the agent is evidently one of the minor mysteries of the mince-meat business.

Smith had not much of an opinion of the small poultry-keeper, as he made quite clear to his agents in his confidential moments. "You will find them very ignorant," he wrote.

Nor did he hold butchers in any very high regard. "I may say," he went on, "that butchers expect to have to pay a good price for large worms and suggest that you ask 8s. or 10s. You can then come down to any price that will adequately pay you."

On this what-you-can-get principle Smith was confident that an agent could make a good living and he expected that he would be sent at least £1 a week for royalties.

Grandiloquent Mr. Smith

This then is the philanthropist claiming to have £1,000,000 at call, and anxious to enrich agents in every town in the country, who have neither technical knowledge nor financial experience, but only common sense.

It is a big step from 3d. royalties to £1,000,000, but Smith has taken it in his stride in moving from 112, Gillott Road, Birmingham, to 37a, Horse Fair. On the way he has thrown ham, eggs and mincing-machine worms to the winds.

The shilling pamphlet, the curing mixture and the petty royalty are all forgotten, and to-day Smith grandiloquently warns intending agents "not to despise applications for only a thousand or two."

These "small sums" have their uses, as apparently has the altogether despicable and paltry £10 advance which he demands for his lucrative agency.

Smith's form letters are flooding the country, and we warn the recipients to exercise that "common sense" he demands in his agents and promptly relegate them to the waste-paper basket.

Bogus Padre's Church Robberies

PEOPLE in the provinces who are engaged in ecclesiastical, missionary, welfare or reform work should be on their guard against a plausible impostor who passes as a clergyman and calls himself the "Rev. P. O'Leary."

He is not a clergyman at all, but he "gets away with it" and with other things as well.

At Liverpool recently he entered a church hall and ingratiated himself with officials at a meeting of a local girls' friendly society.

He informed them that he had come across from Dublin for the purpose of visiting missions, and sufficiently impressed his hearers to persuade them to loan him money on the pretext that he was temporarily short of cash.

After his departure it was discovered that he had stolen several articles of value, including an attaché-case.

Later, telling a similar story, he explained to the authorities of a certain church that though he was really "resting" he found it impossible to dismiss ecclesiastical matters from his mind and wished to take part in the work of the parish.

He appeared to be so genuine that he was granted permission to act in the church itself—conducting people to their pews and reading the Lessons at the services.

After he had left the neighbourhood it was found that he had been very active in robbing the collection plate, and had taken everything of value from the pockets of overcoats left in the lobby by the congregation.

The rascal has repeated these tricks in many parts of the country, and Churchpeople are warned to keep a keen eye open for him. The police are very anxious to have a chat with him, too.

"JOHN BULL'S" SURPRISE

JOHN BULL is making a surprise offer to the first 10,000 applicants.

Would you like a magnificent Ensign camera FREE and AT ONCE?

If so, send an addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp *within three days* to:

CAMERA DEPARTMENT,
"JOHN BULL,"
68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Be quick—or you will miss a wonderful opportunity.

Stop Mr. MATHER!

WHEN, some time ago, the public was invited by a concern called the Little Wadhurst Farm to make fortunes out of pigs, we warned our readers to have nothing to do with the venture.

The man behind the scheme was an American named Guy Henry, or Henry Guy Mather, who was careful to remain in the background until we forced him into the limelight.

As we predicted, the concern, after mulcting investors all over the country, went into liquidation with liabilities of nearly a quarter of a million.

Now the long-drawn-out proceedings are at an end.

The liquidator, in a very illuminating report, states that the greater part of the sums advanced to subsidiary companies was irrecoverable, but eventually £3,594 was received, and there is a prospect of obtaining a further £547 in respect of debts due by the remaining associated companies.

In all £26,345 has been received. Of this amount £6,963 has been spent in maintaining the livestock prior to disposal, more than £7,000 has gone in legal costs, the liquidator's remuneration has amounted to £3,150, and other expenses have accounted for about £2,000

This leaves £7,250 8s. 2d. to satisfy creditors for £217,500, giving these luckless people a paltry 8d. in the pound!

Although Mather has not so far been prosecuted on the larger issues of the fraud, proceedings were taken against him for obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt, and he was sent to prison.

Mather is an American, and we hope the Home Secretary will call for a full report of the liquidator's enquiries with a view to this man being prevented from operating further in this country.

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by a PROFESSIONAL CO-RESPONDENT

IN every divorce case you read—So-and-So was cited as the co-respondent. In many cases that person is referred to as "a woman unknown."

Well, I am "a woman unknown." In fact, playing the part of the mysterious unknown woman is my means of livelihood. I am a professional co-respondent.

So often have I, for a fee, been "the woman in the case" that at least fifty different wives, who have sought and obtained the dissolution of their marriage bonds by citing me, regard me as the worst specimen of my sex in the world.

And I am not, really, as these revelations of my extraordinary life will show. At least I am not what wives think I am. I am chaste. I am bad, I suppose, in the sense that my business is illegal. But then I see it differently, as a person who has helped many a husband and wife out of a cruel and impossible marriage.

Just the dust . . .

I am nothing more nor less than the dust that is thrown in the eyes of our divorce judges by oppressed husbands seeking release from bonds that chafe and torture them, or by chivalrous men who, although grieved to find that their wives have found love elsewhere, yet care so much for them that they deliberately seek to make themselves the guilty party.

I know hosts of comfortable, respectable wives will abhor me for such an admission. I can fancy I hear their chorus of protest.

Yet my justification must be that I have saved the men for whom I have acted from women who would have had motives very different from my own.

I often quote with pride what a well-known London solicitor said of me—one of the many solicitors and enquiry agents who book my services on behalf of clients seeking to be divorced.

Speaking to the mother of the man with whom I was to stay at a seaside hotel—as a sheer blind to enable his wife to bring a suit—he said: "Madame, I want you to know that the woman with whom your son will have to associate is a woman whose morals cannot be doubted. She is a good, honest, clean-living widow whom you would be quite happy to meet."

The vigil

"I am glad," she said—which meant that one woman at least in the world saw some justification for the work I do.

And, really, that work is not as bad as it sounds.

During one night I spent with a husband at a London hotel he sat in a chair and read a religious weekly journal, while I was fully dressed in another chair with a counterpane over me. From when we entered the room until when we left in the morning we never spoke a word.

Another man on a different occasion took out a tiny chessboard and began to move the pieces about. And when I asked whether I could join in the game he merely frowned and told me to go to sleep and not take his mind from the board—a matter in which I instantly obliged him.

Yet again there was a time when the hotel accommodation consisted of a suite of two rooms, and the moment the door was closed on us he went to one and I to the other.

We were not together for a full minute the whole night through, and actually did not speak to each other from the moment we reached the apartments till the maid aroused us in the morning with her knock.

It is always so ordinary—just two people not the slightest bit interested in each other sitting in a room together to satisfy a law which will only release from the bonds of marriage the wicked or pseudo-wicked.

Yet ordinary is hardly the word. How can it be when I know that the man opposite me is living in a world of shattered ideals, that this strange night that we are sharing writes a tragic Finis to his romance?

I know why he is silent. I know that he is remembering what he once told her, and she him, and thinking how hollow it all seems now; or that he is living through the marriage service again and laughing bitterly at the vows.

"I thought we were going to such-and-such a hotel," I told one man who had made a change in his plans without telling me.

"No, it couldn't be that," he answered. "I could never go to that hotel. I spent the first night of my honeymoon there, and I'm going to suffer enough without being tortured with memories like that."

As he sat through that night with me in another hotel, with his eyes shut and yet unsleeping, I knew that although he might be sharing his life with another woman before long, his heart would always be with that woman who had shared the honeymoon with him.

"Do you know," one man told me at two o'clock one morning, breaking an hour's silence, "that my wife is a very wonderful woman? You wouldn't find another to equal her if you searched the whole world."

"Then why help her to go on with her divorce action?" I asked. "Why don't you tell that to her and not to me?"

He laughed in an uneasy sort of way. "It's because I would rather have a wife who is more imperfect," he replied. "I don't deserve my wife and I can't keep up the strain of appearing to deserve her."

Incredible as it may seem, there are many men who will let wives they love go out of their lives without making an effort to keep them because they think they don't merit such partners.

Splendid 'sinners'

I have met several of them.

I always think in such cases as these that the men must be immeasurably finer characters than the women who want to break from them.

Sitting at home in my flat at Maida Vale, waiting for the telephone in the little hall to ring and bring me into the crash of yet another romance, I think out the problems of marriage and divorce.

I tell myself that it should be easy for unhappy couples to get released. One can stumble into the morass of an unhappy union so easily—why should it be so difficult to get out when the alternative is the wrecking of two lives?

After all, we are always going to have among us people who not only refuse to live with husbands or wives for whom they have lost their love, but who are mentally and temperamentally incapable of doing so.

Why should the law require that

Lord Merrivale, the terror of the professional co-respondent. When he hears a case he always demands: "Name the woman!"

In silence, throughout the night they s other's existence.

DIVORCE has been Arranged . . .

...m the WOMAN UNKNOWN

...nd write FINIS ... another BROKEN ROMANCE

one or other of them should sin before they can get release, refusing them their liberty, with a remarkable lack of logic, should both sin?

If I didn't feel that way about it I could never carry on my illicit profession, especially as it means deluding all my relatives and neighbours in the bargain.

The other people in the block of mansion flats where I live do not know me as I am. They know I am a widow. They know I have a little girl to maintain. They think I manage to keep going on an income left me by my husband, never realising that he left me nothing but the debts I have arranged to pay off. They would tell you I am a merry, respectable little woman.

Condemned, but—

They have even discussed with me one or other of "the women unknown" cited in divorce cases, little thinking that it is my life's work to be "a woman unknown," and that very often the person they have been condemning was the woman standing before them.

Once a little Mrs. Newlywed, who was talking to me about the latest divorce scandal, told me exactly how many pieces she would tear me into if she ever met me—only she called me "that woman," not knowing it was me.

When I moved to these flats it was because my name and address had to come out in one case—so much more determined are judges becoming in finding out the identity of the "woman unknown."

But the disclosure of my identity in that case brought me £250 in extra fees, so I could well afford to move, and, moreover, to send my little girl to a better private school. I just changed my address and started again. So they ring me up where I am now to ask when I shall have a free evening.

During the discussions which follow—nothing is ever put on paper—I can usually arrange a fee amounting to anything from £20 to £50 for one night of pretence.

Then comes the night when I set out with my packed week-end case to meet a man I have never met before, a man I must recognise by the flower in his button-hole, or a book he will be carrying under his arm, and with whom I have got to share a lie.

I must confess that although I am what people would call "an old hand at the game" by now, I still have a haunting fear when I set out on these missions, a strange desire to avoid women, as though I am offending against the whole of my sex.

I tremble . . .

And when I reach our rendezvous and see the man I am seeking, I still hang back and fight a desire to run away, finally walking forward with a confident, happy-go-lucky, woman-of-the-world air that betrays nothing of my thumping heart.

At last comes the time when I must tell the man exactly what we have to do and warn him that one indiscretion might result in allegations of collusion and in the suit failing.

He little realises that mine is an expert's job, that it is only my knowledge of how to act that makes me worth £30 when there are women ready enough to sit for a night in a room for ten shillings!

To give one instance of the many minor points to be considered, it is always advisable to ask an hotel servant for something unusual, say, an orange and lemon, or a single small dry ginger.

It is by such things that they remember your visit, and when you are wanting the evidence they will give, you need to help their memory all you can.

Always I have entered into "a gentleman's agreement" that I shall be allowed to spend the night sitting in a chair. I have never known a man try to break that agreement, although I do not regard myself as altogether unattractive.

I think the saddest moments in these nights of waiting are when these men who have written me down as their wives talk of their children.

Often they have said that the crash would have come years before if it had not been for some little Goldilocks. There are tears, sometimes, when they discuss their children's future.

Often, too, I feel like crying myself when I realise that they love the women they are helping to divorce them.

It needs a lot of gallantry, yet many men allow themselves to appear as the guilty party in the courts in order that the wives they have loved and lost will come out with unblemished reputations.

How can women permit it? I often ask myself, and can never supply an answer.

One man admitted to me that his wife had had a lover for two years. His own conduct, he assured me, had been flawless.

He had spent six months pleading with her to give up the man, but it had been hopeless. And now he was shielding her name by letting her divorce him.

"But what if the King's Proctor should get to know of her association with this man?" I asked him. "You will both be branded as guilty people and the divorce you have planned will be impossible."

"There's no danger of that," he replied. "I helped her to cover up her indiscretions—when I knew I could not hold her."

Once I had to be shadowed. And I hated that. But fortunately I knew the detective quite well, and when it started to rain I led him to an American bar so that he wouldn't have to talk in the wet.

Then I sent a drink over to him, and he gravely toasted my health from a distance.

We are strange people, we "women unknown." Yet I think the majority of us live quite respectable lives in places like Maida Vale and Hampstead, always at the end of a telephone.

Our philosophy

You might think that we "unknown women" become disillusioned about life, but we don't.

Rather does the wedding-ring on the hand of a happy-looking woman look more beautiful to us than to other people, the picture of a happy family circle more entrancing, the proud look of a contented husband more wonderful.

Happy marriage looks infinitely happier to us than to other people, divorce less sinister because we know that behind so many marriage breaks there are husbands and wives who are determined to remain good-pals.

Yet always we see married happiness as something very precarious. We know that divorce sometimes has very small beginnings.

The smallest thing, even a hasty word, will set turning wheels that will change worship to hatred.

Then my telephone bell will ring . . . and I shall understand.

...they sit in the same room, the one scarcely aware of the ...re. It is just "evidence," that is all . . .

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W. B. MAXWELL

tells a Strange Story of a MYSTERY FATHER—

"As if he had suddenly lost control of himself, he drew her to him and covered her face with kisses . . ."

"LONDON Regional Programme," said the distant voice, as loud and firm as if it had been in the room with them, and Cis Riley, stooping over the wireless set, held up his hand to enforce silence.

"S-sh! . . . Do shut up. . . . Olga, keep quiet."

But they would not stop talking—the two other young men and the three girls. They felt too jolly to listen. It was the engagement party of one of them, Olga Bateson. She and Cis Riley had fixed the thing to-day, and he had insisted on celebrating it with a feast in his lodgings at Camden Hill.

Next Saturday or Sunday Cis was going to take her to Ilford for introduction to his family. They would like her, because pretty, dark-eyed, foreign-looking Olga was so nice that one could not help liking her.

But the fact that she hadn't a bean would not endear her to them. Practically devoid of beans themselves, they had hoped that when Cis married he might get a wife wh would be of use on the financial side.

Those other girls, Val and Enid, who belonged to the electric equipment house from which Cis and Olga derived their modest sustenance, admired them for their immense courage in embarking upon the perilous path of marriage with so light an equipment.

Cis had switched off. In the midst of all the noise and chatter he switched on again.

"Quiet, you rotters," he said appealingly.

"Forgive him," said pretty Olga, pointing at the wireless. "It's his beloved pet toy."

"You mean *was*, not is," said someone "*You're* his beloved pet toy now"; and they all laughed gaily.

THEN the far-off voice said something in its firm, dispassionate tones that caught their attention.

"*We are asked to broadcast the following S O S.*"

They fell silent and listened. Who can avoid listening when the three fate-bearing letters have been sounded? And who is so unfeeling or dull of imagination not to be stirred emotionally with pity and regret by these intimations, uttered so calmly, so dispassionately, and yet striking anguish to an unknown heart?

Of course, very rarely does it happen that, among the millions and millions of listeners, some of them hear a familiar name. But it happened now.

"*Will Miss Olga Bateson, two years ago teaching Italian and now believed to be employed as secretary-typist by a City firm, go at once to 110, Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, where her father is lying dangerously ill.*"

It took their breath away. A mistake—but how extraordinary! They all stared at Olga, who looked white and frightened. "Hush," she whispered, for the voice said it would repeat the message.

"*Will Miss Olga Bateson go at once to 110, Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, where her father is lying dangerously ill.*"

CIS RILEY switched off, and they all talked at the same time, plying Olga with questions.

"A mistake. But it's given you a shock. . . Yes, so mysterious. . . . Your father died ages ago, didn't he? . . Yes . . In Italy? . . Yes. I never saw him. Except that he was English, mother never told me anything about him. . . . It *is* queer. . . . How on earth have they got the name wrong?"

"He was really dead," said Cis, "and not separated or divorced from your mother?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, I'll telephone to the B.B.C. people."

But Olga startled them by saying that this wasn't necessary, because she would go at once to the house at Rutland Gate and herself clear up the mystery. She knew the house. She had often been there.

Pale of cheek, excited in manner, she was putting on her hat and picking up her cloak while she spoke.

Cis naturally wanted to go with her, but she refused to allow this. The party should not be spoilt. He must stay with his guests.

"But please get me a cab."

DOWN in the street while waiting for a cab, she told him not to be anxious or to imagine that she was going on a dangerous errand. The house belonged to a rich old man—Sir Wilfred Barnard—and it was full of servants. She had gone there regularly to give Italian lessons.

"You'll come straight back?"

"Yes—unless I'm detained."

"What should detain you?"

"Nothing that I can think of."

But she said that in case of delay she would telephone to his landlady.

He returned to the party upstairs, where things became flat and dull with the guest of honour absent. Then after about forty minutes the landlady came up to them.

Miss Bateson had telephoned to say that she was not coming back and she would meet Mr. Riley at the office to-morrow morning as usual.

* * *

During the brief cab journey she thought of the house and its people, seeking for any possible explanation. Was it a pretence or an aberration on the part of a servant?

One of them in delirium calling out her name merely because it was known to him?

She remembered a middle-aged butler, a valet also well on in life, and a man that she had seen cleaning windows. There was the chauffeur, too.

It was after her mother's death that old Sir Wilfred Barnard, having heard of her through an agency as she supposed, wrote asking for lessons in conversational Italian. She and her mother talked nothing else when together, and she had a thorough knowledge of the language.

She went, then, with her black frock and aching heart, to earn a few shillings. Her lost mother had been the universe to her.

She used to be ushered into the library, a beautiful room, spacious, stately, tranquil, and the old man rose to receive her with a charming courtliness. He was very nice to her—at first.

Lady Barnard, of whose death she had lately read in the newspaper, was not nice.

ONCE or twice a stiff, pompous son and a married daughter appeared, and they, too, were rather horrid—the son especially, as if he would have been rude and offensive to his father's *protégée* had he dared to be.

But she liked Sir Wilfred enormously—until the day that he upset her so dreadfully and spoilt everything.

She was paralysed by the unexpectedness of it when one evening, as if he had suddenly lost control of himself, he drew her to him and covered her face with kisses, saying she was a sweet, darling girl, and he was terribly fond of her, and he wanted to help her with money and give her happiness in life—or something of that sort.

Perhaps if he had not said the last words she might have forgiven him, because of his age and his previous kindness. But the suggestion that he offered material advantages as reward for compliance seemed to convert something rather insulting into a shameless outrage.

She repulsed him indignantly and he feebly apologised, begging her not to mind.

That was the end. She never re-

The ENGAGEMENT PARTY

turned. There was payment due for some of the lessons, but she let it go. She was changing her address, so she knew that he would not be able to get at her.

* * *

Directly her cab stopped outside the house the front door opened to admit her.

Nothing seemed changed. The same butler, solemnly conducting her upstairs, told her that the sick person was Sir Wilfred himself. But in the well-remembered library it was a stranger and not Sir Wilfred who advanced to welcome her.

"I am Mr. Ingram, solicitor to the family," he said gravely and sadly. "His condition, I fear, is hopeless. I think you had better see him at once—but only for a minute—just to set his mind at rest. He keeps asking for you."

"Very well," she murmured, in great agitation.

And then the thing became quite unreal, dreamlike. As in a dream she surrendered herself to the cruel forces that pushed her on. She was breathing fast, feeling almost suffocated, while conscious of a growing dread, a deepening horror.

In the sick-room a nurse led her round a screen and she stood at the bedside of the dying man, looking down at his white hair, his hollow temples, and his feverishly anxious eyes.

"HERE she is," said Mr. Ingram gently. "You recognise her, don't you?"

A faint whisper sounded like Yes. Those eyes were on her face, and there came a slight movement.

"He wants you to take his hand," said the nurse, watching.

Olga held the weak, nerveless hand and breathed faster.

"That will be enough," said the nurse. "till after Dr. Clarence has been."

"Yes," said Mr. Ingram. "Come."

"Won't you kiss him?" said the nurse.

Olga stooped over the bed, and put her trembling lips to the hot, dry forehead.

They went back to the library, and Mr Ingram talked to her.

"If possible," he said quietly and very kindly, "your father wants to make some reparation for——"

"It's not true. I have no father," and she began to cry.

"Oh, it is quite true. . . . You never even guessed?"

"I don't believe it," she sobbed. "Mother didn't—mother wouldn't——"

Presently, when she was calmer, he told her the story. It was true, of course. Sir Wilfred had lived with her mother in Italy for several years. She was then an operatic singer. After the liaison had terminated, she came to England, took the name of Bateson, and supported herself and her daughter unaided.

THEN Sir Wilfred, somehow coming into touch with her again, had given her a little assistance.

He was a well-intentioned if very weak man, and undoubtedly he had always meant to make an ultimate provision for their child. Because of his wife and family, he was afraid to do this by will.

Now, with death close upon him, he had signed a paper solemnly charging his heirs with the duty that he had neglected.

"Here it is," said Mr. Ingram, and he showed her a foolscap envelope. "I am going to give it to you in his presence. He asks them to make a generous provision for you—generous, with regard to your walk of life.

"It is not legally binding, of course; but there can be no doubt that they will act on it. Such wishes are always honoured."

The doctor came and went, giving no hope.

Then Olga stood by the bed again, and the solicitor's packet was put into her hand.

"Do you see?" said Mr. Ingram. "She has it. Now she is assured against the world, as you wished. . . . Yes, he understands. Miss Bateson, he is smiling at you. Say something to him."

"Thank you — father," she said brokenly, and for the second time she kissed his forehead.

He died a few hours later.

* * *

Then she was back in her bedroom at Shepherd's Bush.

She sat there, cold, shivering, utterly wretched, while the tears ran down her cheeks in an endless flow. Her universe had tumbled to pieces. The mother whom she adored and venerated had been a creation of her own mind, with no real existence.

SHE must think of her instead as one who had tried, but failed; a brave, strong person, but with a breaking-point too soon reached, one who can resist temptation until the pressure becomes heavy and then yields. Poor mother!

But the love survived, even though the glory of a noble memory had for ever gone. "Who am I to judge?" Olga said to herself between two bursts of violent crying.

She thought of her mother's fortitude and industry, slaving to earn just enough to keep them decently; of the care and tenderness lavished upon herself; of a hundred reasons for the love—and for respect, too, if one were loyal and brave enough to understand. Poor mother!

Hours passed and she remained motionless, thinking, mourning. On the table before her lay the lawyer's envelope. At last she opened it, and began to read the paper that she was to use and obtain protection against the world:

"I acknowledge as my daughter Olga Bateson, the child of myself and Grazia Olga Bianchi . . ."

She read no more. But she thought of all that the use of it would mean—the destruction of her mother's good fame, a sordid interview with that arrogant son, a confession to Cis and through him to his family; shame and disgrace for the dead, tolerance and condescension for the living.

ON the other hand, it would bring ease of circumstances. A generous provision! Two or three hundred a year? Perhaps more. What a fine start for their married life!

She knew, none better, the value of money, the limitless comfort that even a little money can secure. If she could have done it, and yet preserved her mother's secret!

But there seemed no way of doing that. To-morrow she must somehow make Cis Riley believe that the SOS had been nothing else than a mistake.

Long after daylight she lay herself upon her bed, without undressing, and slept quietly until the servant called her.

There were ashes in the grate and on the hearth. She had burned the written paper. As long as she lived she would never speak of it.

NEXT WEEK:

C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne,

Creator of Captain Kettle,

contributes

"The LOVE-LETTER CIPHER"

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Morbid Minds

A LUNATIC kept on hitting himself with a hammer and making horrid bruises on his body. On being asked why he behaved in this singular manner he replied, "Because it is so nice when it stops."

There was as much sense in this method of self-torture as in the habits of people who keep themselves miserable for no reason at all.

One of the strangest things in the workings of the human mind is the way in which many persons who really have nothing serious to trouble about will make trouble for themselves and those who live with them.

* * *

A discontented disposition is never at a loss for something to fret about. Over and over again I have noticed that persons possessed of the means of leisure and comfort have sour, peevish, unfriendly faces, while their far less fortunate neighbours are bright and happy.

I do not mean that it is always so in either case, but that preoccupation with one's own interests will spoil enjoyment in any state of life.

For instance, how frequently you will see a man with plenty of money worrying himself sick for fear he should lose any of it; to hear him talk you might think he was worse off than poor fellows who have been out of work for years and without a penny between them and the direst want.

Or you will see a woman who in all her life has never known what it is to have a whim ungratified, imagining herself an invalid and expecting attention from all around her. She is quite likely to become a real invalid in time through the constant exercise of a diseased imagination. Accustomed to think only of herself and her fancied ailments, she cannot possibly be healthy in any way.

The cure for her would be to be taken out of herself and compelled to forget her bogus aches and pains in fighting against the genuine aches and pains that afflict the sad and weary.

Occasionally there is a pathetic side to this kind of self-absorption. I have just been hearing of a lonely girl, little more than a child, left an orphan and in poor circumstances and too shy to make friends easily. She accidentally burnt her arm one day and was promptly and kindly ministered to by a motherly woman near by.

But mysterious wounds began to appear on her flesh at intervals thereafter, and presently the doctor discovered that she was making them herself in order to attract more of the sympathy that had been so welcome to her starved soul.

What the poor thing needed was simply someone to love her, and I have no doubt the need was supplied from that time forth. Some day she will grow into a different being, incapable of all silly and unwholesome pretence.

* * *

Near where I used to live there is a dry well. I asked a workman why there was no water in it. He pointed to a smelly puddle at the foot of a slope some distance away. "That is the cause of it," he said. "The water that should be in the well has fallen to a lower level and is now creating a nuisance. We shall soon have the sanitary inspector after it."

Much of human life is like that empty well. The springs of pure, unselfish affection and brotherly kindness have become diverted into base and poisonous centres of moral corruption.

If you know of any such, sweep them clear. Fill the dried-up heart with purposes that have in them no taint of personal gain, and it will become a fountain of blessing to the thirsty world.

"'Pon my word—that's good!—a really satisfying finish to a well earned rest. No doubt about it these Manikins are top hole smokes."

"There's a fragrant goodness about a Manikin that I've never found in any other smoke I've tried. Sweet as a nut, mellow as an old Port, and judged on the standard of smoke pleasure for money, they are the most economical smokes you can buy, for 10d. buys 5, and you can depend upon each one to give you half-an-hour of real enjoyment.

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5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

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Don't endure Hay Fever. Nostroline Nasal Specific gives relief in 30 secs. Clears head, soothes irritation. Pleasant, comforting. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from 'Nostroline' J92., Clifton, Bristol.

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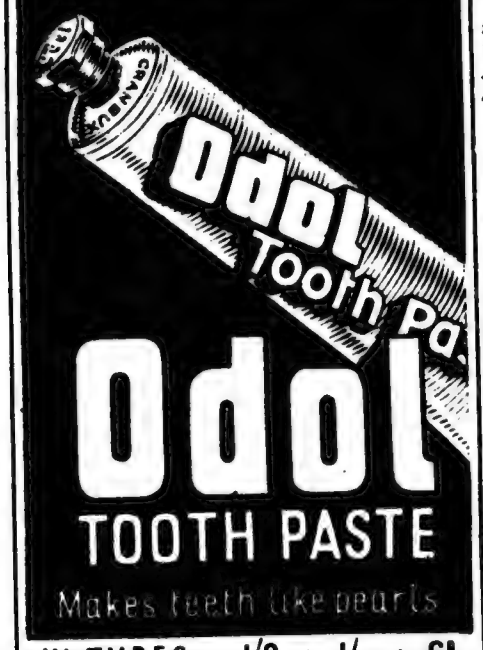
Send one complete label from a tin of Armour's 'Veribest' Corned Beef or Armour's 'Veribest' Ox Tongue and you will receive by return of post words and music of the Armour's 'Veribest' Corned Beef Economy Song, entitled "In These Hard Times," and free copy of Armour's 6d. Recipe Book "Delicious Ways to Serve Corned Beef," illustrated in colours. Put the label in an envelope, together with your name and address, and send them to Armour & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 10), Armour House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

"IN THESE HARD TIMES" is a splendid song.

Checks decay and protects the enamel



IN TUBES — 1/9 · 1/- · 6d

Garland J.B.

THE MOTHER who is ASHAMED

HUMAN DOCUMENTS —Probed by PHILIP INMAN

I HATE snobbery in every form. That is why I shall never hesitate to castigate those who practise it. I have often condemned children who became too big for their parents, but the children are not always the offenders.

There has reached me a letter from a woman who is ashamed of her own sons. Not for any selfish ends, but for—well, let her speak for herself:

* * *

"I am a middle-aged woman and I have brought up a family of five children. They are all married except the youngest, a girl of twenty, and she is keeping company with a young man who comes from a very proud and respectable home and is himself in a good position.

"During my girl's courtship I have done everything possible to ensure their happiness, and I must confess that I have never let my elder children come in contact with my intended son-in-law.

"The reason is that my two sons are miners, and rough and ready in their manner. For my daughter's sake I have prevented any introductions because I think if her young man met her brothers it would make her feel ashamed of them.

"This has been going on for two years now, and last week my eldest son came to visit us, and he expressed a wish to be introduced to his future brother-in-law. He could tell by my excuses that I did not wish this, and he asked me point blank if I was ashamed of him. He hurriedly left our house and said he would never come again.

"I have been wondering if I have done right, because if my other married children follow his example I shall have no one to come and see me when my daughter marries. I can see that I have made more of my intended son-in-law than my own children, and my conscience is now pricking me.

"Will you please help me in this trouble and show me what to do?"

* * *

What a foolish woman! If that young man cares enough for her daughter the fact that her brothers are miners will not deter him from marriage.

Those sons are earning an honest living and there is nothing to be ashamed of in that.

For the mother to keep them in the background because they are "rough and ready" is sheer snobbery.

The only wise course left to my correspondent is for her to arrange a little family gathering and invite both her children and her future son-in-law. A meeting under those conditions would clear the air, and, providing there is give and take on both sides, should result in the establishment of a reunited family.

Why should a mother feel shame? For Britain looks up to her miner sons: she is proud of them and the work they do

By the same post there arrived a letter from a girl who is engaged to be married and who has hesitated to take her young man home. This is her explanation:

"My boy lives in a nice house where they keep a maid, and ours is a tiny little cottage, as my father is only a gardener. I am afraid if I arranged to take him there he might look down on me, and I care for him so much that it would break my heart if anything came between us."

That is only one of many similar letters. There are a number of young folk who seem reluctant to take their sweethearts home.

Especially is this so when the parents live in humble surroundings. It is all so very stupid.

Take the case of a young fellow who has become engaged. He does so presumably because he loves the girl—for herself. Her station in life, her mode of living, and the position of her parents are quite secondary considerations—or at least they should be. He is bound to find out these facts sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

It is both right and natural that engaged couples should visit each other's home. And if that home be a simple two-roomed cottage it will make no difference to the right-thinking person.

* * *

Now, I have every sympathy with my next correspondent. She has good ground for acting as she has done.

This woman tells me that ever since he left school her boy has been a waster. He was apprenticed to a good trade, but left before his "time was up." Then, although it meant sheer sacrifice on her part, he was set up in a tobacco and confectionery business which he ruined by gambling.

"I have given him every chance," writes my correspondent, "until I am at my wits' end to know what to do next. All my money has gone, but fortunately I have a small annuity which is just sufficient to keep myself.

"I had neither seen nor heard from my son for over six months, until a fortnight ago he suddenly appeared and calmly told me that in future he was going to stay at home and that it was my place to keep him. He says he has no money, and yet he goes out every night and comes back the worse for drink.

"In sheer desperation I am writing to ask what I can do."

There are two things. My correspondent can lock the house against her son, and if he attempts to force an entrance she can summon the police.

I realise that this course may be distasteful to her, and I think the second alternative would be the better one. She should arrange to close her house and go to stay with friends for two or three weeks, leaving her son to find other quarters and fend for himself.

One thing is quite clear—in view of all that has happened—there is neither legal nor moral obligation on her part to do anything more for him. He is obviously a rotter and quite unworthy of any further consideration.

PHILIP INMAN wants to help you, too. Address your problems to "Humanist," and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter he quotes.

"The Greatest of These—"

A Cottage Tragedy

WE take our readers this week to an isolated country spot, down a muddy lane, to a tiny cottage where a widow lives with her two children—a little girl of twelve years and a boy aged eleven.

Both children are tuberculous, and that is why their mother lives isolated in the country. The boy was only five weeks old when his father died.

"All these years," writes the mother, "I have struggled alone to keep our home together, asking help of no one. I have done all sorts of needlework. It was always a bitter struggle, but I managed, although often I went very hungry."

Last October she had a severe attack of gastritis, followed by influenza. They spent a miserable Christmas.

But worse luck was to follow. After Christmas she slipped and sustained a double fracture of the left arm and injured her wrist and hand, which made it quite impossible for her to do needlework.

"Now," is her desperate cry, "I can get no further. I am cornered and cannot get out. I would gladly help myself, but I have no material, and no money to buy any. Our cupboard is nearly empty, and we have had no coal for weeks."

Her rent is in arrears. "I know that very soon my brain will give way, for I cannot sleep. I have got into such a state of nerves through worry that often instead of getting into bed, I sit in a chair and try so hard to find a way out."

Her weekly income never amounts to more than 13s.

It would help her to earn a living if readers who have new pieces of silk, satin, fancy materials or oddments of cloth would send them along to the fund to be converted by this clever needlewoman into saleable goods.

But, chiefly, she needs immediate financial help to clear the rent and provide food for her delicate bairns.

Donations sent earmarked for "Mary," her daughter's name, will reach her intact. All subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of donations can be seen at this office, and a copy of the current list will be sent on application.

"Quick!" he said, "dispense this, I leave for America in 30 minutes!"

How Boots were able to give an urgent prescription the time and care it needed

"Thirty minutes! And a complicated prescription..." The dispenser shakes his head. "Boots wouldn't let you take the risk of a rushed dispensing," he says.

9.30 a.m. Cold and bleak...: Through the crowded streets London is hurrying to its work. Suddenly, as if from nowhere . . . a fierce scrunch of brakes, a swinging taxi-door, and the tall, lean figure of a man almost leaps through the entrance to Boots Piccadilly shop.

"Quick," he gasps, "dispense this. I leave Waterloo for America in thirty minutes!"

The dispenser examines the prescription. "Thirty minutes!" He shakes his head. "This is a complicated prescription," he says. "Boots wouldn't let you take the risk of a rushed dispensing."

940 shops organized as one splendid dispensing service

Then suddenly an idea comes to him.

"Where do you sail from, sir?" he asks.

"Southampton."

"May I have your name, the name of the boat and your cabin number? . . ."

"Certainly, but don't you understand? The Boat-train leaves Waterloo in less than thirty minutes! I'm late now, and . . ."

"Don't worry, sir. Boots will dispense your prescription. You will find it in your cabin on arrival."

"Yes, but how?"

"You may rely on Boots, sir . . . It will be there . . . Cabin No. 126, I think you said."

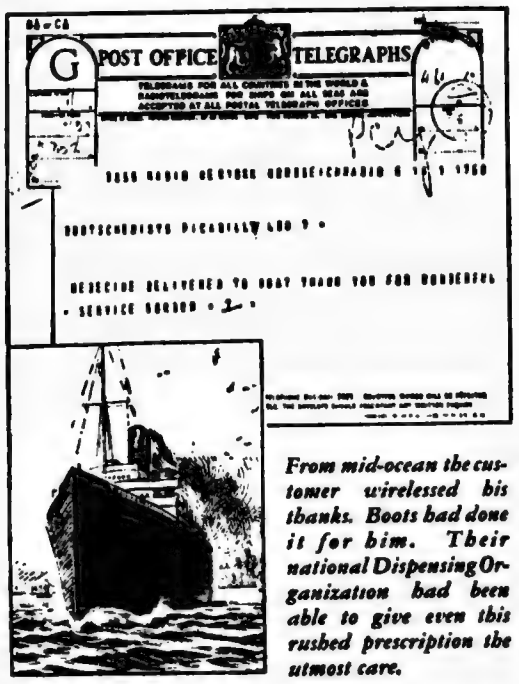
12 noon. Southampton. A tall, lean figure is scaling the gangway. It has reached the top. A steward approaches . . . "Cabin 126?—Deck C, sir. This way. I've just signed for a parcel for you, sir, from Boots the Chemists, and put it in your cabin. Is that all right, sir . . .?" said the steward. The passenger smiled!

Boots had done it. The prescription had been telephoned straight from the Boots branch in Piccadilly, London, to Boots chief branch in Southampton — ample time and consideration — rushed dispensing avoided! Such an instance as this is typical of Boots service. Behind each one of the 940 Boots shops there is this vast efficient organization of national chemists, *working to give every prescription the care it needs.*

Every Boots drug tested and re-tested before used for prescriptions

And in Boots pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham fully qualified analysts test and re-test the purity of every Boots drug. *They will reject drugs to the value of thousands of pounds* rather than allow even the slightest impurity. That is why doctors advise their patients to go to Boots; last year alone Boots dispensed over 4,600,000 prescriptions.

Take advantage of this great Dispensing Service. You can be certain that all drugs used are of the utmost possible purity. And, because of the enormous demand, *Boots medicines and dispensing actually cost less.*



From mid-ocean the customer wirelessed his thanks. Boots had done it for him. Their national Dispensing Organization had been able to give even this rushed prescription the utmost care.

A steward approaches.... "Cabin 126? I've just signed for a parcel from Boots the Chemists. Is that all right, sir?"

The world looks bright when your system is right

— biliousness, acidity and stuffy headaches disappear. Its natural grape salts keep the blood pure, and the skin clear. Try this drink first thing every morning —

REGESAN SALINE · 1/-, 1/9

A natural health salt prepared, and tested by qualified analysts, in the pure-drug laboratories at Nottingham. Fresh supplies on sale at all Boots shops

The Boots Chemists

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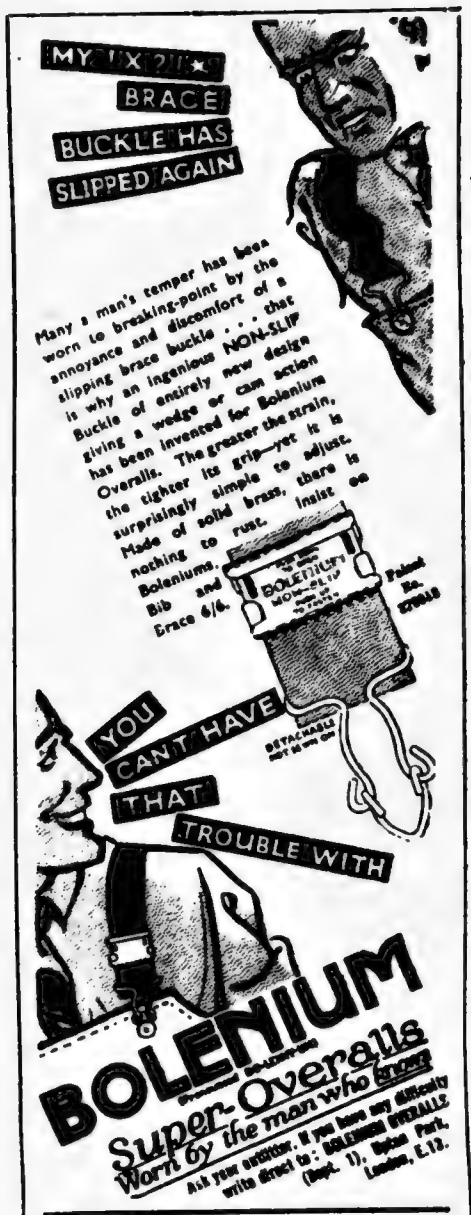
OVER 940 SHOPS...OVER 50,000 BRITISH SHAREHOLDERS
OVER 17,000 BRITISH EMPLOYEES

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham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Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct to: BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1), Upton Park, London, E.13.

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When I BROKE the RECORD —and never knew how

by

JACK HOBBS,

who, in this "Greatest Hour" interview, tells how he made cricket history

YES, my record now stands at 185 centuries in first-class cricket, and I don't envy the man who has to beat me. It is so much easier to make a new record than to break an existing one.

When you make a new record you are not conscious of it, but when you set out to break one you are afflicted with self-consciousness, which is a tremendous handicap.

That's why, if I could live over again one hour of my life, it would be the hour in which I broke W. G. Grace's record of being the only batsman who had scored 126 centuries.

You can cut it down to a quarter of an hour if you like, for that was the actual time it took me to get the remaining runs of the century when we resumed play on that particular Monday morning.

It was in 1925, at Taunton, about the middle of August. I had been to Australia with the Test team during the winter and had done very well.

When I returned home in the summer my luck still held, and I was playing right at the top of my form. I was getting centuries with such rapidity that the newspapers began to ask, "Will Hobbs reach W. G.'s record this season?"

I had never thought of it until they started the idea. Grace had been my hero all my life. That I could ever equal his performance had never even occurred to me.

Long, long trail

But in two months I had scored twelve centuries, which brought my grand total up to 125. That left me with only one more to get, for W. G.'s record stood at 126.

And didn't the newspapers get busy. Every time I played after that there were throngs of reporters and photographers waiting for me to do it or fail.

For four weeks I kept them trailing after me all over the country—and day after day the headlines and the bills said "Hobbs Fails," "Hobbs Fails Again," even though I might have scored 50 or 60. It was that other century everybody wanted.

They followed me to Brighton and I scored a single. They were all at the Oval when I played against Nottingham on August Bank Holiday.

If I could have had any choice in the matter I should have chosen that place and day to break the record, because I have an affection for the Oval, and the crowd, I know, would have been pleased.

Nerve-racking

But I didn't succeed that day—not till about ten days later in the match against Somerset at Taunton. By this time the thing was worrying me. There had been so much fuss and talk about it that I had got to the pitch when I felt it *had* to be done at all costs. I felt I should never have any peace again until it was done.

Don't misunderstand me. I like newspaper men. They have always been very decent to me, and I try to help them when I can. But it becomes rather trying when you get all the limelight for such a long stretch.

Up till this time Taunton had not been one of my lucky places. However, the Saturday was a lovely day, and at the close of play my score stood at 91 not out So more excitement.

My wife was away with the family at the seaside, and I had all Sunday to think over my prospects alone.

The Sunday papers had splash headings, "Will Hobbs Hit Those Nine?" and I was asking myself the same question. I kept very quiet all day. In the morning I went to church, and the rest of the day I spent quietly at the hotel away from all cricket enthusiasts.

In the afternoon I had a quiet tea on the lawn, and I did not stay up late that night.

On Sunday evening more journalists and photographers arrived, all ready for the morrow. It seemed to me incredible that there could be so many interested in seeing me hit those extra nine runs.

I woke on Monday morning with the feeling that the great day had arrived. It certainly was the great day of my career. I had slept well. I was thoroughly keyed up for the job ahead of me.

People flocked to the ground in such crowds that when play was due to be resumed half of them were still trying to get in. In order to give them time to take their seats, so that they would be able to see the beginning of play, Mr. Daniel, the Somerset captain, asked me if I would mind waiting for a quarter of an hour.

So I sat on the pavilion table, kicking my heels and getting more and more nervous and fidgety.

In my pocket was a telegram I had written out that morning for my wife in case I was lucky. "Got it at last.—Jack," was all it said. Would it ever be sent?

"I have done it!"

That fifteen minutes I spent on the pavilion table was the longest fifteen minutes of my life, but it came to an end at last, and as soon as I reached the wicket my nervousness left me entirely. And really I needed all my self-possession, for those nine runs were not given to me. The bowlers were doing their best to get me out.

One mistake, and the whole of my work on Saturday would have been in vain. J. J. Bridges was doing leg-theory stuff and Robertson-Glasgow was also bowling for all he was worth. I remember getting one rather doubtful single and a lucky "no ball" gave me another four.

But for the life of me—so excited must I have been—I could not tell you how I got the other four.

I remember a deafening cheer went up from the crowd, and I knew I had done it.

Immediately I waved for the groundsman and handed him the telegram to send off to my wife.

A glass of—?

Then the Somerset fieldsmen crowded round to congratulate me; but the thunderous roars of applause from every part of the ground so deafened me that I could hardly hear what they were saying.

Finally my captain, P. G. H. Fender, came out from the pavilion with something in a glass. "Champagne," said everyone—and champagne many people believe it was to this day.

Must I disillusion them and reveal that it was only ginger ale?

The contents of that glass is still a joke between Mr. Fender and myself. The truth is that I had already adopted teetotalism, not because I hold extreme views on the subject, but because alcohol can do a sportsman very little good and a great deal of harm.

I got only one more run before the "leg-theory stuff" sent me back to the pavilion. But what did that matter? I had equalled the greatest performance of the greatest cricketer who ever lived—and the Pressmen and photographers were rewarded at last for their patience.

It must be impossible for anyone to imagine the thrill I got out of it. I felt the joy, the elation, the exuberant delight of that achievement for long afterwards.

When you do a thing like that in cricket you wouldn't change places even with the King.

The next day, in the second innings of the match, I got another century, and so beat W. G.'s record.

But the reporters and photographers had all gone home. There was no crowd to see me establish a new record, and somehow it seemed a rather flat affair after the other. I can never to this day quite understand why—unless it was that it took everybody by surprise.

Yes, I got a far greater thrill when I equalled W. G.'s great record than I did when I set up a new one.

What? If I had the chance to live it all over again, would I take it? Wouldn't I just. To-morrow, next week, any time.

"It must be impossible for anyone to imagine the thrill I got out of it," says Jack Hobbs. See him in the smaller picture celebrating his feat with a glass of—ginger ale!

Only PURE BLOOD

can save your dog from the

WRETCHEDNESS of Summer Overheat

DURING summer you will have many opportunities of seeing for yourself how much suffering a dog escapes if his blood is kept pure. For your dog's sake be guided by what you see. In the middle of a sultry day, you will notice that some dogs keep up their cheerful, friendly manners, while others, of similar breed, become listless and irritable.

All dogs overheat on warm days, for their skin is non-porous and they cannot perspire. **But if they are provided with a corrective to keep their blood pure, the overheating cannot harm them** and their blood quickly returns to normal in the cool of the evening.

If you keep your dog's blood pure by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, he will remain fit and fresh right through the summer's overheating. Yet denied of this vital blood corrective, food impurities will accumulate in his blood and will be aggravated every time he overheats. Gradually his condition will get lower and lower and his life will be made wretched by the blood ailments which have come to be known as the dog's hot weather miseries:—

LISTLESSNESS
CONTINUAL SCRATCHING
LOSS OF APPETITE
LOOSE COAT
ECZEMA
SWELLINGS between the TOES.

Every one of these ailments can be **not only cured**, *but easily prevented*, **by Bob Martin's Condition Powders.**

If your dog's happiness means anything to you, provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders **now.** In less than 10 days you will be amazed at these **differences** which **condition** makes to him.

**sharper appetite*
**clearer eyes*
**jaunty step*
**happier manner.*

In a few more days you will see the biggest difference of all, for his coat will begin to take on that beautiful "bloom" which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of pure blood.

Your nearest chemist, dog-biscuit shop and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

This SUMMER provide your dog with

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

and spare him the misery of overheated blood

When you're ill —your instalments are paid for you —under the HACKNEY PLAN OF FURNISHING

—And if anything happens to you—your dependents get the Furniture and a Cheque for half the total instalments paid.

The Hackney Plan gives complete protection against all risks usually associated with Furnishing out of income, by a **FREE Policy Guaranteed by The Eagle Star Insurance Co., Ltd.**

Send Coupon for farther details and particulars of full protection in event of FIRE, BURGLARY, etc.

FINE FURNITURE

Guaranteed for all time against defects in material or construction!

That's what you get under the Hackney Plan. And at the lowest possible prices! It is done by purchasing on a huge scale and by taking advantage of simplicity of design which adapts modern Furniture to modern pockets.

This Suite only **6/9** Monthly.

The "REGENT" OAK BEDROOM SUITE. Rich Golden Brown Shade. 3 ft. fitted Wardrobe with bevelled mirror. 2 ft. 6 in. Dressing Chest with frameless mirror and 2 long drawers. 2 ft. 6 in. Chest with 2 drawers. Handsome modern design and perfect workmanship.

1932 CASH PRICE **£12 . 10**

YOU PAY ONLY 10/- MONTHLY FOR EVERY £20 WORTH OF HACKNEY FURNITURE.

The Home of fine Furniture for over 50 Years

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Showrooms open daily till 7 p.m. Sats. till 8 p.m. Thurs. close 1 p.m.
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Or delivered free on first payment of **6/9** *and 39 monthly payments of* **6/9**

NO DEPOSIT

Fares paid on orders over £20— Free delivery on first payment— Linos and Carpets laid free— Goods Stored Free till required.

BRANCHES AT

BIRMINGHAM	186-8 *Corporation St*
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LEEDS	17 *Briggate*
LEICESTER	66 *High St*
LIVERPOOL	1-9 *Pembroke Place*
MIDDLESBRO'	91-93 *Linthorpe Rd*
NOTTINGHAM	13-15 *Albert St*
SCARBOROUGH	8 *Castle Rd*
SOUTHAMPTON	156-158 *High St*
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA	49 *Alexandra St*
SUNDERLAND	25-26 *Holmeside*
SYDENHAM	75-79 *Sydenham Rd*
WOLVERHAMPTON	66-67 *Victoria St*
YORK	34 *Parliament St*

POST *this* COUPON

To The HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.,
(Address to Head Office or nearest branch).

Please send me your BUNDLE OF BARGAINS. 1932 Illustrated Catalogue and full information about your Free Insurance Plan and Deferred Terms
(Please write in block letters

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Enclose in unsealed ½*d. stamped envelope.* J.B.143

Pool's Advertising Service Ltd.

POST YOUR FILMS to WILL R. ROSE *and get* MAGNA PRINTS

(The prints that are magnified)

4½×3 from No. 2 Brownie size - 2½d. each
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Developing 6d. per spool and helpful advice as usual. "MAGNA PRINTS" reveal detail and beauty unseen in little pictures. You need not pay in advance, a guarantee of your satisfaction and the efficiency of WILL R. ROSE.

Write for List J.B. of my photographic service.

WILL R. ROSE

Chester - - - 23, Bridge Street Row
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Cheltenham - - 25, Promenade.

Over 60,000 receiving stations— your pillar box one of them.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

Here's a chance to save shop-keepers' profits by buying your cycle from Coventry's

LARGEST WHOLESALE CYCLE WAREHOUSE.

Hundreds of cycles of all kinds, many fitted with **STURMEY ARCHER** three-speed gears and **DUNLOP TYRES.** Approval willingly. As an advertisement, a **15/- FREE GIFT COUPON** will be given to all who **WRITE FOR MY FREE CATALOGUE.**

Chas. T. Robey CYCLE WAREHOUSE DEPT. 24 **COVENTRY.**

AN INSPIRATION

says

JESSIE MATTHEWS

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous musical comedy actress, writes:—"During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

POWDER CREAM MIRROR

Obtainable everywhere in popular shades.

ALL IN ONE 1/-

Potter & Moore's

MITCHAM LAVENDER

POWDER-CREAM

Have you had your sample of 'Ty.Phoo' Tea? to prove that it can't cause Indigestion and that it is the most delicious of all teas

15,000 Doctors Recommend

Ty.Phoo "Leaf-Edge" TEA

SEND for SAMPLE

10,000 SHOPS SELL IT

If yours does not, send 1½d. stamp with your name and address for SAMPLE to:—

SUMNER'S TY.PHOO TEA LTD., BIRMINGHAM

C.W.

EVER since the discovery, after his death, of over £20,000,000 worth of forged Italian Treasury bonds in the vaults of that international swindler, Ivar Kreuger, bank managers and Treasury officials in every European country have been redoubling their precautions against deception by similar trickeries.

There is good reason for them to be on the alert.

Two years ago it was calculated that at least three million pounds' worth of bogus money and notes was circulating in Europe alone. To-day this estimate is probably short of the mark, while the extent of forgery of other documents, such as bonds, cheques, wills, contracts and demand notes, is beyond computation.

Forgery of late has been taking bold and imaginative turns.

Book-dealers and private book collectors, for instance, have been offered skilfully forged letters and poems in the handwriting of the poet Shelley.

Recently a French viscount was arrested for the wholesale forgery of Papal permits authorising divorced persons to remarry. Some of these he sold for as much as 25,000 francs each!

Aristocrat of crime

The forger has always stood at the head of the criminal fraternity. He is looked up to as a king of crime by humbler crooks, and for many years he has boldly stood up to the Expert, with the wealth of the banks and treasuries for prize-money, and Science holding the sponge.

But now, for all his cleverness, he is beginning to lose on points.

Take bank-note forgery. Photography favoured the forger for many years until Henry Bradbury introduced the anti-photographic bank-note, on which one colour was printed over another so that a photograph of the note resulted in a confused mingling together of the two colours.

This defeated the forger for a while, but the art of photography developed, and a time came when he was able to take photographs of one or both colours without confusion. So a third colour was added to make his task more difficult.

When photography made further strides, the Bank of England changed its tactics and fell back on a simple design printed on a unique quality of paper with a characteristic "rattle" (which is extremely difficult to imitate) and highly intricate watermarks.

Protection extraordinary

The paper is manufactured in special mills which make only this particular sort of paper.

No mill on earth employs such elaborate measures of protection against theft, nor keeps such a close guard over its methods of manufacture. Separate groups of chemists prepare the different ingredients which go to make the paper, and each works in ignorance of what the other groups are doing.

Every single scrap of the paper is registered and has to be accounted for. Employees are searched on leaving the mill.

When bank-notes are issued they have a comparatively short life, and every note is checked before it is destroyed.

A more profitable way of robbing the banks or their clients is cheque-forging.

A simple form of this branch of crime consists of stealing cheques in the post—one way is to "fish" for letters in letter-boxes with a ball of wax on a length of wire—alter the amount to a larger sum and present it at a bank.

But although crossings and so on can be erased with citric acid or chlorinated lime, and perforated figures can be filled with tinted preparations of gluten, few cheque-forgers go to work in this way any longer, because most banks now issue cheques printed with "fugitive" ink which shows at a glance if there has been any tampering.

The forger's first object now is to get possession of a client's cheque-book without exciting suspicion. He then presents a series of cheques made out for large amounts, signed and endorsed with a forgery of the depositor's signature.

Usually the cheque is handed in to the bank by a paid dupe, the forgers hanging round meanwhile, ready to bolt if the fraud is discovered.

Forgery of documents, which is likely to bring in good returns, is on the increase, although here the crook has to face the heavy batteries of modern scientific detection.

One of the simplest but most valuable aids of the scientific expert is the common microscope, coupled with the camera. Where the forger has added a loop or a stroke—such as to convert a 1 into a 7, or a 7 into a 9—a photo-micrograph usually shows at once the difference between the original and the spurious writing.

Moreover, in the hands of a handwriting expert, the microscope becomes a most deadly weapon. Clumsy forgers often work by tracing, and in this case the microscope usually shows the indentations. And if there is any doubt about it, a magnified photograph under a strong light, taken from a sharply oblique angle, will inevitably show them.

More practised forgers do not use the tracing method, but unless they are supreme artists they will write less fluently than the man whose hand they are imitating.

Here again the expert with his microscope is able to detect the fraud, for he can judge the *speed* at which the letters and figures have been formed.

A still more penetrating method of detection is the ultra-violet ray screen, for this immediately reveals the fact if strokes have been added in a different sort of ink.

Ultra-violet rays also give away the secret of a document which has been "washed." "Washing" or bleaching is a process used by forgers to erase characters from a document before adding writing of their own; or possibly to remove crossings from cheques.

But it has been found that although bleaching may erase all visible traces of the ink, the invisible iron salts of the ink penetrate far into the paper and cannot be removed. Ultra-violet rays cause them to become visible, and the original writing can be read.

There is now an entire science relating to inks, and the most searching experiments have been made to discover what happens to them after the lapse of years, and how they will behave when treated with various chemicals.

Ink traps for will-fakers

It has been found that the dyes in inks spread over the paper, rapidly at first, then more slowly, until after a certain number of years there is no more diffusion. This is most important, for it means that an expert is able to date a manuscript.

There have been several cases in which a will has been proved a forgery because an examination of the ink has shown that it must have been written long after the death of the deceased.

Another most ingenious line of research, undertaken by two French scientists, proved the astonishing fact that if a document has been folded or laid against another document for a number of years, the lettering "photographs" on to the sheet which it is touching.

The image is naturally very faint, but it can be developed by special methods very much like an ordinary negative. The picture is intensified by taking a great many photographs of the image and laying them one on top of the other.

In this way, if a document has been "washed," it may be possible to prove it by recovering an impression of the original characters.

—*but at what a* RISK

One of the most effective weapons used against the forger is the common microscope

---

SUMMER —*as long as you live!*

Have you seen pages 34 and 35?

There you will find full details of Seven Sensational Prizes, any of which would make your life into one long summer.

For a few well-chosen words entered by July 2 your reward can be a £6 weekly Life Pension, a £3,000 cheque, or one of five other sensational awards—*and as the winner you will be invited to select the prize you prefer.*

Choose your words this evening—and JOHN BULL's telegram on July 15 may whisk you away to the land of dreams come true.

D 227

763 PRIZES FOR 'DIPLOMA' LIMERICKS £50

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
SPECIAL PRIZES 200 CAMERAS

A Colonel just home from Bombay,
At golf gave a fireworks display:
His remarks on the green,
When he took seventeen

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD.,
TROWBRIDGE.

CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, July 1, 1932.**

RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Simply adorable ... her figure

But her skin, Tragic!

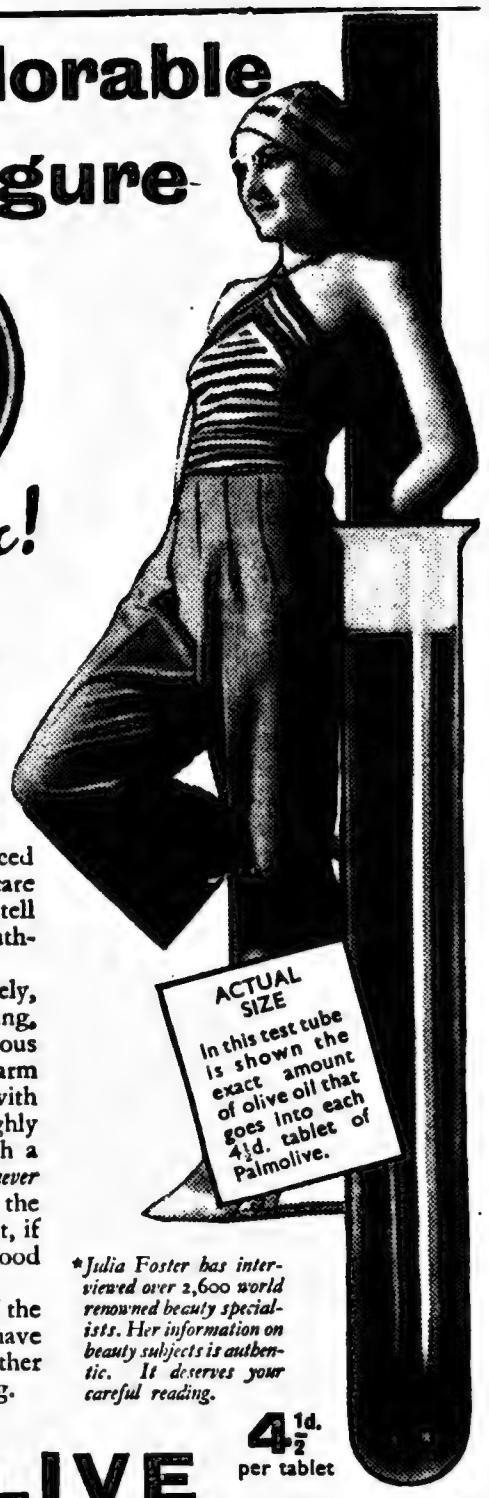
*By Julia Foster**

What a marvellous figure! But her skin — what a shame! To think—a few words from me could have done so much for her.

BE thankful your own skin need never be "tragic." The right care is so easy! Beauty experts will tell you any skin can be kept soft, youthful, exquisite.

More than that, they gladly, freely, tell you how: Morning and evening, apply to face and throat a generous lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work well into the pores with your hands. Then rinse thoroughly with warm water, and finish with a cold rinse. *Hot* water should *never* touch your face. After this, in the morning, your make-up. At night, if your skin is dry, follow with a good cold cream.

For years, more than 20,000 of the world's leading beauty specialists have advised Palmolive above all other soaps for this foundation cleansing.



**Julia Foster has interviewed over 2,600 world renowned beauty specialists. Her information on beauty subjects is authentic. It deserves your careful reading.*

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT

PALMOLIVE

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

4½d. per tablet

WHAT DID THE LEMON AID?

(The answer's a thirst!)

As first aid to a thirst there's nothing more refreshing and health-giving than the juice of lemons. You get this juice in its handiest and most inexpensive form in Eiffel Tower Lemonade. Fifty million ripe lemons a year are used to make it, and no preservatives are added. What a heavenly ending to a summer drought!

A 7½d. bottle (unsweetened) makes 12 pints of real-lemon lemonade

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

SWEETENED OR UNSWEETENED

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

Become a Shareholder for 5/- a month

THIS small sum—or more—invested every month, or sums of £25 to £4,500, will enable you to become a shareholder on very attractive terms—not only SAFE but PROFITABLE. Think what this means—

£50, accumulating usual interest for ten years becomes £61; at 4½% it would become £77.

This Society pays the higher figure—FREE OF INCOME TAX—on any amount from £1 upwards and you can add in sums of 5/- or more per month.

Complete SECURITY—easy withdrawal at short notice. No deductions.

WHATEVER YOUR SAVINGS, *investigate this opportunity NOW.*

Ask for FREE Booklet, No. 96. Call to-day, 'phone (Mansion House 5927), or write to Secretary, W. C. M. Wightman,

Church of England Temperance & General BUILDING SOCIETY

26, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

BET SAFELY WITH THE "BIG TWO"

THE BIG TWO

BET PRIVATELY WITH THE "BIG TWO"

EVERY CLASS OF BET

STARTING PRICE OR TOTALISATOR ODDS

SAFETY & PRIVACY

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED

WINNINGS by RETURN

Every transaction with the "Big Two" is private, and our thirty-five years' reputation is a guarantee of a fair and square deal, and no vexatious quibbles.

LETTER COMMISSIONS

accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. No limit on single events.

THE "BIG TWO" SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

Acclaimed by the Press as "a mine of information." Contains "records" in all classes of sport, and an up-to-date Ready Reckoner. A copy of this unique Diary (to March, 1933) is sent

FREE TO EVERY NEW CLIENT

NO AGENTS. WRITE DIRECT TO

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. BIG TWO

247 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

by JOHN SUSSEX

The "VET" in the VILLAGE

I'VE made a good many friends among farm animals from time to time. Some of my best. But I've always had one regret when they were ill, that they couldn't tell me anything about it.

Experience with them has taught me a good deal perhaps, and love of them even more.

But when, as I had to, only a short while ago, take a treasured cat to my local vet. (farm cats that catch rats are often as valuable animals as you've got about the place, and Peter was that sort!), I envied a skilful, kindly man his knowledge.

And I certainly didn't begrudge the paltry few shillings he charged for his services.

The vet. is an old and invaluable friend of the farmers. They have always been on the best of terms, and for very good reasons, mostly on the farmers' side.

Livestock is the backbone of the farming industry in this country, and the whole world comes to us for high-class animals of all types with which to renovate their own herds and flocks.

* * *

How many people ever ask themselves Why?

The vast Argentine cattle ranches, upon which Britain depends for the bulk of her imported beef supplies, have been built up from the offspring of magnificent bulls bought from time to time at fabulous prices in this country.

Denmark founded her bacon industry upon the Large White boars obtained from Yorkshire and elsewhere. Danish bacon is now the cheapest and best bacon obtainable.

Why does the world turn to our farms in this way? And how is it that as a nation we can draw upon such excellent meat supplies from overseas?

Mainly because the veterinary profession of this country has either totally abolished or kept in severe check a range of disastrous cattle diseases that in other countries throughout the world are still raging with simply appalling consequences to the farmers of those areas.

As a youngster I used to be called out every now and then into the cowshed to sit up all night with newly calven cows that had developed milk fever. A distressing business, as every farmer and cowman of those days would readily admit. It was the dread of every calving-time.

The farmer's best friend is healthier and happier now — thanks to the village "vet"

The poor creature would toss about in its agony, liable to knock and damage its head and face badly on the stall sides or floor unless carefully protected. It was usually the heavy milkers that went down with it.

And in nearly every case, up to thirty years ago, the animal died.

Veterinary research workers were set on to the problem. It was costing the agricultural industry, big farmers and little, nearly £3,000,000 a year.

As a direct result of that research, nowadays at least 95 per cent. of milk fever cases are saved not only from death and so direct loss to the farmer, but, by means of an injection, the animal also is sound and well again within a very few hours of the attack. The calf can be put to its mother's milk again.

Glanders among horses was another of those foul complaints which was often transferred with most fatal and disgusting consequences to the man in charge of the poor afflicted creature.

For the first two years of the war, glanders played havoc among the horses of our armies in France.

By the end of the war not a single case of glanders remained to be treated. The British veterinary officers had wiped it out. We have had no case of glanders among farm horses since 1928.

Now they are at work on the causes of the dreaded foot-and-mouth disease. At present control methods alone seem possible, but these have proved to be effective in checking what is a most virulent complaint.

* * *

During 1930 we had eight outbreaks in Great Britain. Germany had no fewer than 33,000 cases, and Holland nearly as many. The British farmer owes more than he realises to the work of the veterinary profession.

One of the cleverest men I know is a veterinary surgeon in Kent who performs most delicate operations on sheep suffering from gid, or staggers as it is more commonly known perhaps.

* * *

Farmers are usually full of complaints about a good many things. But most of them keep a discreet silence about their animal losses from disease and accident on the farm.

I say without the slightest hesitation that the preventable losses from these causes throughout our farms even now run into many millions of money a year. My word, there are some skeletons in farmers' cupboards in this matter, I can assure you!

For the farming industry to take a direct hand in the building up of a more efficient veterinary service in this country would turn out to be one of the soundest investments it could make.

An efficient veterinary service is essential to the farmer. The wealth of the British farm to-day depends primarily on the health of its animal stock. That is largely the vet.'s job, and we should back him, and back him well.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The PITMEN'S DERBY

SOME of my Northern friends have been suggesting various horses for the "Pitmen's Derby," the popular name for the Northumberland Plate. I, personally, vote for Aftab, who was given in JOHN BULL for the Prince's Handicap at Gatwick and obliged at the nice price of 7 to 1.

Aftab is a son of the Derby winner, Papyrus, and, if I remember rightly, was purchased as a yearling by the Aga Khan for 14,000 guineas. The course of hurdling given him by his present trainer, Gilbert, who gave a paltry 125 guineas for him, seems to have worked wonders.

In the North there is no more popular event, with the exception of the St. Leger, than the Northumberland Plate, and whatever wins, favourite or outsider, is sure of a good cheer from the "Geordies."

Old-timers still talk of Underhand, who won the race in three successive years and then finished second in his next attempt.

Underhand was reared at the famous Spigot Lodge establishment, and perhaps the method of training had something to do with his fleetness of foot. He was tested by greyhounds.

Underhand did not altogether approve of being "coursed," and, to evade his pursuers on one occasion, he jumped a brick wall and landed on the thatched roof of a pig-sty!

The Windsor card, following Ascot, looks a bit tricky, but backers who follow the favourites usually come out on top.

For the Saturday "double" I take Apperley and Fingle Bridge.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 16, to Wednesday, June 22.

B	V	D	P	M	X	Z	R	F	98	97	Y	H	S	C	O
93	94	95	U	I	E	96	L	T	W	N	G	J	K	A	Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

"JOHN BULL'S" DOG *Appeals to You*

I am JOHN BULL'S Dog. I am shown on the cover of your copy of JOHN BULL every week, but this is the first time I have ever spoken to you.

I do so now to ask you to support the great Animal Lovers Contest (see page 36).

You may win £15,000 for 6d. and at the same time help a very deserving cause.

The contest is now in its closing stages so don't be too late. Thank you!

To keep a job *and* win promotion

To get on in his job a man must have more than just ability. Employers expect their men to *look* alert—to impress by their clean, well-shaved appearance. Only a soap made for shaving can give them this. But men who can't afford a shilling or more don't have to go without. Thousands of them get a close, comfortable shave every day of their lives with Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. It costs only 6d and lasts for a hundred perfect shaves. There's value for you! Ask *her* to include a Lever's Easy Shaving Stick in her next order to the grocer.

100 shaves for 6d

E 212-172-60 A LEVER PRODUCT

AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH

AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO my head was bare and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations; in fact, the trouble was not through neglect, but none of them had prevented the existing condition. You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, new hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair, which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped, and dandruff eliminated. KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hirsutal troubles.

SEND THIS COUPON
(OR COPY IT)

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, PERCY ST. (53. VC), LONDON W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Try the latest

All the favourite flavours in one big bar

There is not and never has been anything that even approaches the delicious excellence of Fry's, the Original Chocolate Cream. Now try this new version. Each section is stamped with the name of its flavour, and the bars are just as big and thick and heavy as Fry's famous Chocolate Cream that everybody loves. 'Made as only Fry's can make it.' **2d**

Fry's *famous original* CHOCOLATE CREAM

C.R. 83.-18632

This announcement does not apply in the Irish Free State

"A MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES."

Flush out through the kidneys the impurities which contribute to High Blood Pressure, says medical man.

If the constantly forming mineral impurities, such as uric acid, urate of soda, etc., are permitted to remain in the blood they are sure to deposit on walls of the arteries, which then lose their elasticity and can no longer regulate the blood pressure by expanding and contracting. Any shock, excitement, or quick exertion may easily affect the heart so as to prove fatal. Before it is too late, drink occasionally a tumbler of water in which you have dissolved a level teaspoonful of an inexpensive compound put up under the registered name of 'Alkia Saltrates' (powder form). Any chemist can supply it at slight cost. This alkaline medicinal water will soon neutralise and wash out the acidulous impurities and flush the kidneys. Then notice how much better you feel. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back immediately and without a word. Try it before you decide to incur the expense of visiting some famous hot mineral spring to drink medicinal water *similar both in composition and effects.*

A COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD.

Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR, CHROMIUM PLATED finish built by COVENTRYS skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports. CARRIAGE PAID. A kit, including PUMP, TOOLBAG, TOOLS, BELL, ELECTRIC LAMP, CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE. Write for Free Lists NOW

FROM £3 10s CASH or TERMS

Edw. O'Brien Ltd. DEPT 3. COVENTRY.

CORNS

QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

Medicated DISK loosens corn. Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure. Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull"

Our Letter Parliament

What I ENJOY MOST on HOLIDAY

I ENJOY the sensation of having signed an armistice with my everyday life — just getting away from it so as to see it more clearly.

In the midst of it things get distorted, fundamentals are overlooked, and minor issues become tremendously serious.

On holiday, not by any conscious effort, but as the automatic result of detached and peaceful days, a sense of proportion returns, and often, too, a mislaid sense of humour.

I enjoy the rest, the relaxation and the safeguarding of sanity; the leisure and the faculty to laugh at what seemed tragedies—and at myself.—*"Castle," Edinburgh.*

Real Tonic

The thing I enjoy most during my holidays is the thought that, while I am away from the office, the "boss" will realise my real value.

It is about the only time one gets full appreciation for work done, when they have to do without you.

The complete change and rest I enjoy to the full, but the real background of my pleasure is the knowledge of the unholy mess my department will be in until I get back.

It gives me a feeling of importance that is a tonic in itself.—*L. Jennings, Purley.*

The Best Place

My old home in Somerset still holds a sentimental value for me. I feel a caged bird no longer as I speed away from my work in a dusty London suburb.

Alighting in the typical village square, I consider myself the happiest girl in the world.

I sense the greatest joy as I look across to an old cottage. Mum and dad stand in the doorway, waiting to welcome me with radiant smiles and outstretched arms.

Ah! Be it ever so humble, to me there is no place like home for my holidays.—*Gwendoline Emery, London, W.*

Mother's Respite

My chief holiday delight is a very simple one—my food.

To me, the mother of six children, it is a real joy to be able to sit down to my meals and find each one a surprise, as it has been prepared and served without any forethought or cooking on my part.

The fact that I can enjoy the whole of a meal without the numerous interruptions common to all mothers turns the simplest meal into a veritable feast for me.—*(Mrs.) W. C. Thomas, Cornwall.*

Solemn Solitude

When summer again brings round the holiday time, I go far away from smoky London to the mountains of Wales. What a fascination they hold, those cloud-topped giants!

Words cannot describe their infinite grandeur or the solemn solitude of their tarns; only seeing such things can reveal their unfathomable beauty to the mind of man.

In some mountain village I make my home. Each day I climb amid Snowdonia's peaks, pinnacles and passes, and at the end of each ascent comes the reward—a grand view over the rocky, jagged Wales, which I know so well.—*E. C. Pyatt, London, N.*

Dignity Dumped

I am in the teaching profession, and wherever I go locally I see some of my pupils. If I go into a café I am greeted with "Hullo, teacher!"

On holiday I like to get anywhere, as long as I am at liberty to do just as I like, and forget that it's my job to do the right thing always.—*"Old Dame," Cowbridge.*

Wave Content

When I am on holiday I invariably hire a small rowing-boat, and, equipped with a pipe, tobacco and a novel, pull away from the shore. After a while I ship my oars and lay back to peruse my novel.

Complete contentment always comes over me when I have the sea all round me. I feel as though I am in some strange world where strife and misery do not exist.—*W. J. Davies, Mon.*

In Love

The quiet summer evenings with my sweetheart, whose home is in a beautiful corner of Suffolk.

We so seldom have the opportunity of being together that it seems like heaven to stroll through beautiful lanes, to sit on our favourite stile, far away from the noise and dirt of London, gaze across moonlit fields, and plan our future home.

Two weeks of Paradise out of fifty-two, and the reason, because I am in love.—*L. B., Camberwell.*

MY ideal holiday is a camping holiday. Not a "hike" and not an organised camp. Take everything you need for a week in your rucsac, and "rough" it.

Sleeping under canvas is a glorious experience, and rising early in the morning, to wash and prepare one's own breakfast, and, later on in the day, dinner, tea and supper, are things which will in after years be delightful reminiscences.

I prefer it for these reasons, and also because of the mental relaxation it affords, apart from the healthy life and the enjoyment that is derived.—P. A. N., Hants.

No Polish

Fifty weeks I spend in a shop, black-coated and spatted in season. I wear the latest in ties, the newest in socks, the smartest in visible underwear. I am a shop-walker.

Then comes my ticket-of-leave. I don a pair of old flannel "bags," an anti-quated sports jacket, an out-of-shape soft hat.

I enjoy getting away from a fashion-plate to the welcome ease of the natural man. For once in my life veneer doesn't matter. I'm happy!—*E. L. M., Canterbury.*

"It's Quiet"

Quietude. Because all the rest of the year my mind is obsessed with the chaos and din of passing events.

So for my holiday I choose a spot hidden in the hills, where simple-minded men and women concern themselves with happenings which appeal to our hearts rather than to our heads, and where nightingales and larks, bees and butterflies, cows, sheep, goats and horses take the place of "men and things" seen in the city.

"It's quiet down here!" is the open sesame to my holiday Paradise.—*D. C., Westminster.*

• • •

I love to hear the glorious lies people tell on holiday, and to tell a few myself. —*M. R., Staffs.*

Drinking good ale out of a pewter pot in a Manx tavern and listening to the quaint conversation of the natives.—*C. C., Liverpool.*

The thought of the week on the surface, for, after working the whole year in the bowels of the earth, a week above ground is like a Paradise to me.—*Miner, Kelty.*

The meeting of fresh faces, a new set of acquaintances, all with undiscovered characters and a story to tell.—*A. H., Bath.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 21.

The Worst Shock I Ever Had

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The game ended tamely in a DRAM."

EVESHAM JOURNAL:—"Full information is set out in the County Council HANDBAG for 1931-32."

PALMERS GREEN AND SOUTHGATE GAZETTE:—"They received many handsome and useful PARENTS."

DAILY MAIL:—"Their skating act REDUCED a large audience."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"No dogs, cats or CHILDREN are allowed to be kept by any of the council's tenants."

SOUTH MANCHESTER OBSERVER:—"A new outdoor MONEY temple is to be built and the little creatures will have more fun than ever leaping from tree to tree."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"He was INTERRED during the war and afterwards set up as a builder and decorator."

ILKESTON ADVERTISER:—"EVERYBODY was done by the Committee that could be done."

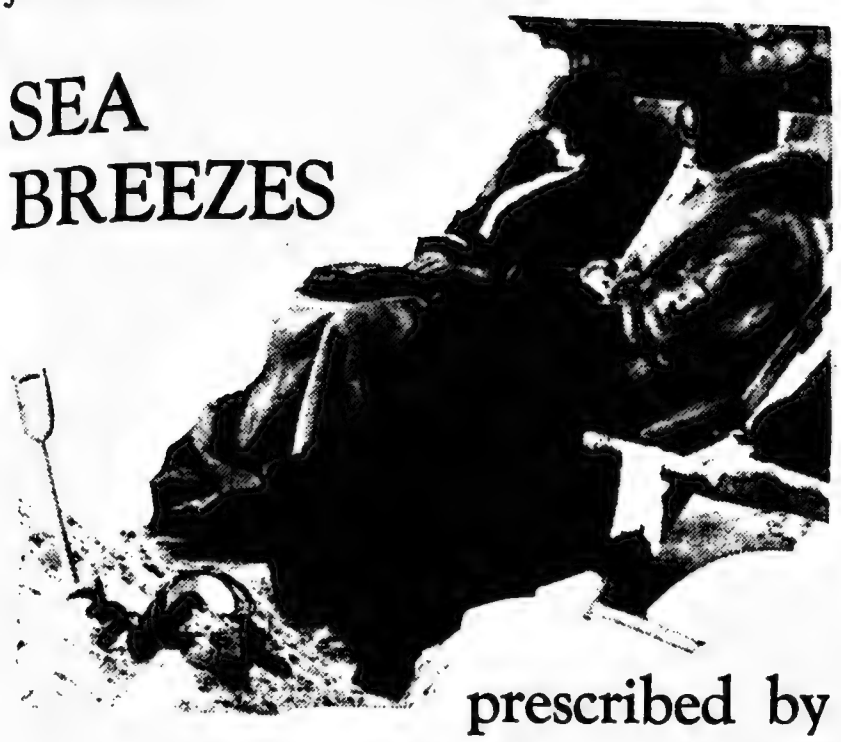
IRONMONGERS' WEEKLY:—"One of the oldest established firms, having continuously manufactured decorative materials since the days of KING GEORGE VI."

WELLINGTON JOURNAL:—"She was attended by two bridesmaids, who wore ANKLE-LENGTH pale blue HATS."

NORTH-EAST KENT TIMES:—"—— was accompanied by the Mayoress, to whom a BANQUET was presented."

JEWISH ECHO:—"Notwithstanding the FINE weather, which tempted people to stay INDOORS, the attendance was very good."

SEA BREEZES



prescribed by "John Bull!"

"A WEEK at the seaside would do you a lot of good," says the doctor.

Although few of us can afford to take this delightful prescription, JOHN BULL has made it possible for many readers to drink in the tonic sea air after a trying illness.

"Many thanks for cheque received under your Free Insurance. I shall now be able to send my wife away to the seaside after her long illness." "I am very grateful for your cheque and the kindness you have shown to me. I can now have a little change after being laid up for ten weeks."

The path of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance is strewn with glowing tributes from readers who have been helped to a speedy convalescence by means of a JOHN BULL cheque.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Sickness Benefits, just as it is the ONLY paper to pay Storm and Flood and Fire Benefits.

During the month of May alone, no less than 102 cheques of £5 5s. each were sent to registered readers covering measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox,

Sign the registration forms without delay if you have not already done so. You never know when you may need to call on JOHN BULL for a cheque.

HOLIDAYS.—Readers remain covered whilst away on holidays in Great Britain, Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man. In case of a claim arising, however, it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on their return.

FLOODS!

More Cheques Paid

Another big batch of cheques has been sent during the past week. Day by day John Bull lends a helping hand to sufferers in the flooded areas.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date. .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 18/6/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 18/6/32

CASH THE COUPONS!
JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D

JOHN BULL OFFERS YOU £3,000 IN CASH

SEE PAGES 34-35

The Leader
2D EVERY MONDAY ALL NEWSAGENTS

OFFERS YOU BEST ADVICE ON

How to win it!

COMPETITORS entering "John Bull's" mammoth "Bullets" offer will find more advice and assistance in THE LEADER than in any other competition-solving paper! No other publication devotes anywhere near as much space to literary contests or provides its readers with a more comprehensive service

-that's why Readers of 'THE LEADER' have won

15 OUT OF 20
"BULLETS" FIRSTS THIS YEAR

following

35 OUT OF 46
"BULLETS" FIRSTS LAST YEAR

EACH of the examples in the current Bullets offer is analysed in this week's issue of THE LEADER. Competitors are provided with likely thoughts and examples of specimen lines. Ideas likely to be duplicated are also indicated.

Another useful feature is that of criticising all recent winning lines, in order to show why they met the judge's eye, and the skilful points in their construction. A great deal of valuable information can be obtained from these notes.

Competitors are also provided with further coupons for Bullets and with which many first prizes have been won.

These three features appear in every week's issue of—

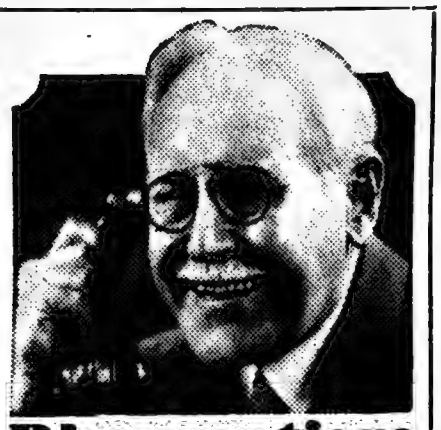
The Leader

Once you have seen a copy of THE LEADER you will realise how indispensable it is to every serious-minded competitor. Solutions are given for every current picture puzzle and crossword competition: whilst, in many cases, competitors are provided with additional coupons which they may use.

Remember, you must have THE LEADER!

SOLD EVERYWHERE - 2D.

SELLS MORE THAN ALL RIVALS ADDED TOGETHER



Rheumatism

It's gone—yes, gone for good!

"My word! Free from the old racking pain, no more sleepless nights, no more feeling tired in every limb . . . . Why, I'm a new man, fitter than ever!"

Thousands of people have found that by taking a short course of treatment with De Witts Brand Pills, they have enjoyed a new lease of life. Men and women once crippled with pain, bed-ridden, victims of chronic backache, stiff, swollen joints, down-dragging weakness, have, thanks to this tonic remedy, once again enjoyed splendid vigour and vitality.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills, which cost but 3/-, will do you good from the very first dose. In 24 hours you will see how they are acting directly on the seat of your trouble—the kidneys. Get your supply to-day and get health as thousands of others have done. Their tonic effect is amazing. Be sure you ask for and obtain the genuine

DE WITTS
BRAND
Kidney and Bladder **PILLS**

HOW HOSPITALS CURE STOMACH TROUBLES

FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

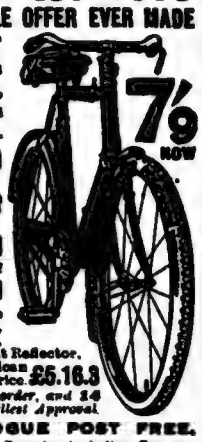
Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons, the former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price, and family size 5/-. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.



7/9 NOW

DUNLOP MAGNUM BEADED TYRES, WIRED EDGES.
STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CORRUGATED SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Models, same price **£5.16.3**

Terms: Send only 7/9 with order, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9. Fullest Approval.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

We have other remarkable Cycle Bargains including **Graves Single-Speed Cycle** fitted with Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete & Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's Model **£4:10:0**. Terms: 6/- now and 6/- monthly; also **Graves 'Speed King' Club Model**, weight about 23lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's **£4:17:6**. Terms: 6/6 monthly; **Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £5:7:6**. Terms: 6/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination. Fullest Approval.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NOVEL BIG HOLIDAY OFFER

£1,250 CASH MUST BE WON FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" AMUSING X-WORD

FIRST PRIZE £1,000
SECOND PRIZE £50

This Week Only — CLOSING NOON THURS. JUNE 23

Extra £200 HOLIDAY BONUS TO BE EQUALLY DIVIDED BETWEEN THIS WEEKS WINNERS

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra award of a £200 Holiday Bonus will be equally divided between all this week's winners. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 30th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 7.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, June 23rd.**

2.—**No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms** (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, July 7th, 1932.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, July 19th, 1932,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE.

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE
With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING } See Rule 1.

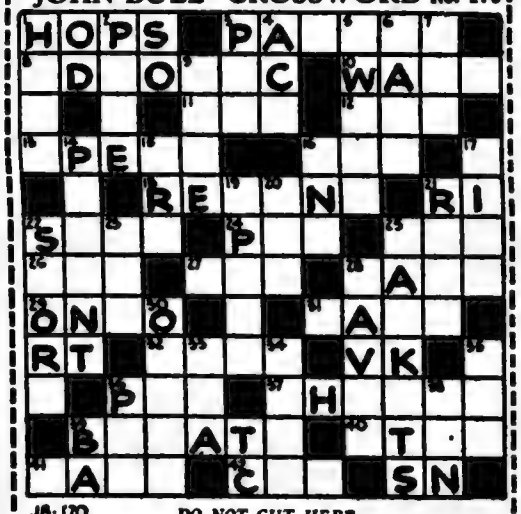
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 168

T	H	E	F	A	L	S	E	W	E					
A	W	A	R	E		T	O	I	L	E	R			
X		C	O	O	K		F	R	E	E				
E	W	E	S		E	A	T		A	P	T			
S	I	S	T	E	R	S		S	O	-	O			
A	L	L	Y	A	N	K	E	E		T	I			
L	E	A		G	E		C	I	V	I	L			
O		F	O	L	L	Y		N	E	S	S			
A	C	T		E		O	M	E	N	S				
N	A	K		S	U	E		O	U	T				
C	S	L	U	M	E		W	I	D	E	R			
S	E	N	D		T	A	S	K	S		Y			

JB 168

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 168 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 170



JB·170 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·170

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Thursday (noon), June 23.

WOMAN ENTRANT WINS X-WORD £1,000 OUTRIGHT!
See No. 167 Result on Page 14.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Beer is made from.
3. Hair is, to tidy it.
8. Extremely silly.
10. Give notice of danger.
11. Consumed.
12. Very cold.
13. Say a few words.
16. Smokers put it into tray.
18. Regard with indignation.
22. Stalk.
24. Wages.
25. Seed of a fruit.
26. Afternoon drink.
27. Grows stronger in the North.
28. We take this on holiday.
29. Preposition meaning "upon."
31. Support.
32. Merriment.
36. Prefix meaning "before."
37. It lures mouse into trap.
39. Air drawn into lungs.
40. It fastens your collar.
41. Features of some coasts.
42. To deceive.

CLUES DOWN.

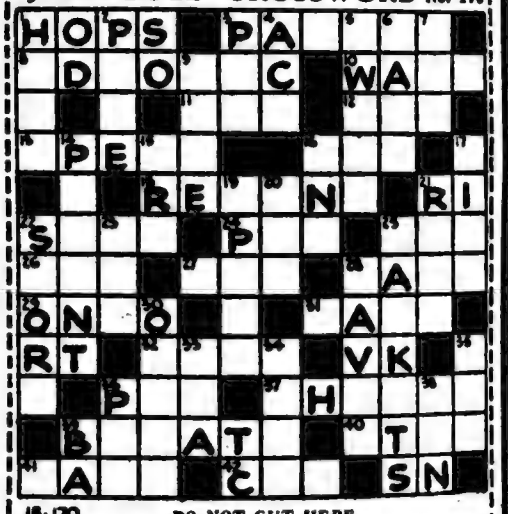
1. Theatre-goer's opinion is shown by.
2. It needs skilful playing.
3. Coal comes from this.
4. Card worth holding.
5. What you do to corkscrew.
6. Every one.
7. Free from moisture.
9. Word beginning most recipes.
14. Use such medicines cautiously.
15. Equip with weapons.
16. One indefinitely.
17. Takes water away.
19. It may cause you pain.
20. You hear with this.
21. Chance.
22. Is often thrilling to listen to.
23. Devour.
25. Packages.
28. Some birds nest in them.
30. Monsters of fairy-tales.
33. A meadow.
34. Reverberated sound.
35. You may get shut up if you're this.
36. What Peeping Toms do.
38. Provides our daylight.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

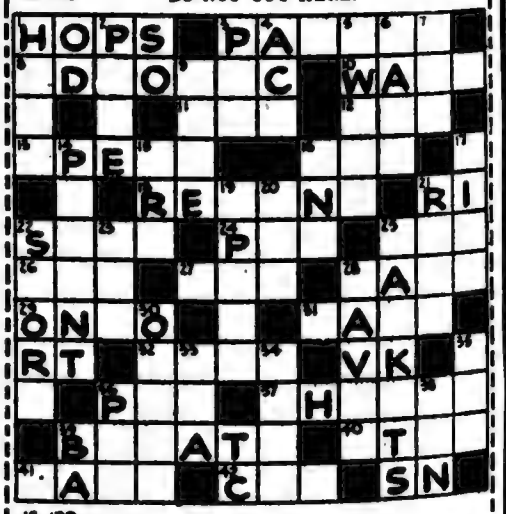
THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, June 23

"It was a dark and stormy night"——
What do you think happened? Write it down in a neat rhyming line and you may win £100 in the "Passing Show's" great new Couplet contest. £150 in cash prizes offered every Friday.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 170



JB·170 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·170

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. ..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crosswords No. 170, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ANOTHER HUGE X-WORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK

The Editor

LAUGHS LAST

L. M. (Iver).—"Most motor-cyclists do not drink." Hence the T.T. races.

R. M. (Hull).—"Where do you generally spend your summer holidays?" Under an umbrella.

M. A. (Cowes).—"I remember when suffragettes spoilt the turf on golf courses." Golfers do this nowadays.

P. F. (Plymouth).—"I know what I'm writing about." That's a good thing, because we don't.

H. Y. (Retford).—"Anybody can keep chickens in the back garden." The difficulty is to keep them out.

MRS. L. (Warwick).—"My husband does everything I tell him." But does he tell you everything he does?

MRS. E. (Bolton).—"Do you ever question your wife's judgment?" No; look who she married.

R. T. M. (Streatham).—"What actually happens when a man has a swollen head?" He becomes too big for his boots.

A. J. (Thurso).—"I always maintain that knowledge is power." Even when the petrol tank is dry?

MISS ANNE (Brighton).—"What is the best way to preserve pony skins?" Leave them on the ponies.

DOCTOR (London, W.).—"Some people feel their best during a thick fog." Others look their best.

D. R. M. (Manchester).—"Some people cannot stand skating." Others, again, cannot skate standing.

F. R. (Sutton).—"There is a movement on foot among London plumbers . . ." But it is hardly noticeable.

E. J. H. (Bradford).—"My husband has joined a historical society." In preference to your hysterical society?

TRAINER (Mitcham).—"Many of our girl athletes are showing every promise for the Olympic Games." And form.

A. B. B. (Halifax).—"A barrel of beer fell off a lorry here last week, but none of it ran out." Probably it hadn't the strength.

T. M. (Clacton).—"I must bring this letter to a close now, as some friends have arrived." Tell them to call earlier in future.

D. R. (Southport).—"Isn't it thrilling to see a horse flash past the post and win a race by a small margin?" Yes, if you haven't backed the second.

TOM (St. Albans).—"Is it the case that the mavis builds its nest where it can't be seen?" Yes; but its eggs are always spotted.

G. H. (Malvern).—"A bomb was recently found on a Bath poultry farm." This is one method that should never be employed for raising chickens.

R. M. A. (Glasgow).—"I almost fell asleep while my wife was describing a new frock she wanted." We wish you slightly better luck next time.

JAMES (St. Andrews).—"My brain is always more active as the day wears on." Then you should not have got up so early to write this letter.

S. H. (Dulwich).—"The cost of the Meteorological Office gets higher each year." And yet the weather seems to get worse.

HUNTER (Sutton).—"I know of nothing more thrilling than to hear a herd of elephants stampeding." What an excellent tenant you would make for a bottom flat!

NATURALIST (Oxford).—"The moth has a strange power of being able to summon its mate instantly to its side." Unfortunately, the moth does not go in for the plumbing business.

MRS. E. (Chester).—"It is now fashionable for women in Hollywood to smoke pipes." We understand that some fashionably bizarre green complexions have been achieved.

C. J. (Bristol).—"Isn't it marvellous that wireless can bring the notes of a singer in Amerika to one's own house?" Sometimes it brings one or two from the neighbours' as well.

R. W. (Fulham).—"I'm always knocking about the town." Postman?

TED (Newmarket).—"Stable tips can rarely be relied upon." Unstable tips.

M. H. (Letchworth).—"I hate every one of my husband's books." Including his cheque-book?

T. M. (Colne).—"I want my hair cut badly." Then go to an incompetent hairdresser.

HUMORIST (Exeter).—"My friends tell me I'm a wit." Your friends are half right.

G. M. (Hitchin).—"My dog seems to share my thoughts." Yet dogs are usually intelligent.

ELSIE (Frome).—"Don't you realise that I want to be quite fair?" Yes, but we are publishers, not chemists.

R. M. (Nuneaton).—"Where can one find men to-day who have a definite aim in life?" At Bisley.

H. M. (Goole).—"Some of my friends waste a lot of time listening to nonsense." Then why talk?

G. B. (Wardour Street).—"Dresses made of sugar will be worn this summer." Girls will have to look out for melting glances.

R. B. M. (London, W.).—"Does a man always reap what he sows?" Yes, unless he's an amateur gardener.

W. T. (Poplar).—"Where should I be without the bookmakers?" In much better circumstances, probably.

B. F. (Hastings).—"When will the British working man rise?" Just in time to get to his job.

K. R. (Walsall).—"It's the little things that bother us." Yes for example, you can sit on a mountain, but not on a tack.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"My new play was hissed off the stage after forty minutes." What caused the delay?

D. E. (Ramsgate).—"Our landlady welcomed us with a smile." A shark also shows its teeth before a meal.

G. D. (Hornsey).—"Our daughters are being driven from home." Usually on pillion seats.

MRS. W. (Bath).—"A famous inventor says he cannot think of a more appalling instrument than the saxophone." We sincerely hope that no other inventors can.

G. K. A. (Clapham).—"There is always scope for new inventions." Dentists would eagerly buy an electric doorbell which, when once rung, would make it impossible for the patient to let go.

R. I. (Bayswater).—"Why do editors always return my articles?" Perhaps because they read them.

E. J. (Woking).—"I have just completed the composition of a jazz funeral march." O, Death, here is thy sting.

ADAMSON
is off to buy a tricycle!

T. M. (Colchester).—"I am generally up before my neighbour." Is he a magistrate?

T. W. (Eastbourne).—"I must get a larger writing-pad." We must get a bigger w.p.b.

S. A. (Bury).—"How much do you think I earn a week?" About a quarter of what you are paid.

H. G. (Tamworth).—"Please excuse my pen, ink and paper." Oh, they are all right until they get together.

T. N. (Goole).—"I have other letters to write." Then our thoughts are with our fellow-sufferers.

G. M. (Walton).—"What he said to me went in at one ear and out of the other." It must have had a lonely journey.

B. S. (Wimbledon).—"I say, cheer up and smile!" That's right. It's gravity that keeps things down.

R. C. (Epsom).—"I have just completed a new picture. Ten thousand wouldn't buy it." And we're among them.

L. F. (Brighton).—"When all is said and done, our politicians are not so bad." But when all is said and nothing done—they are.

P. D. S. (Leigh).—"I haven't had a holiday for nearly ten years." Well, why not have one long holiday for the rest of your life? That is what pages 34 and 35 may mean for you.

S. B. (London, W.).—"No one can help being moved by the poignant story I have enclosed." Good! We will try it on our jobbing gardener.

R. N. (Bude).—"Silk sashes, twelve inches in width, are to be worn by tennis girls this year." It doesn't seem long since they were called skirts.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

P. E. (Poole).—"When camping out, I often stay up most of the night." We have also found it impossible to fix up one of those camp beds.

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. "John Bull" does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

corns

Lift Right Out

Callouses go, too, after fragrant oxygen footbaths

"After receiving excellent benefit from the use of Radox Bath Salts, I feel compelled to tender my thanks and appreciation. They honestly accomplish all that you claim, and more, I have had a very painful corn on the first joint of one of my toes, and a large callous on the ball of the same foot, which made it difficult to walk. After three Radox footbaths the callous has gone, and after five footbaths the corn lifted out, and my foot ailments are now completely gone. I have been able to indulge in long walks since, and you may rest assured I shall not fail to recommend Radox."

9th May, 1932. *J. B., Dover.*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates each night further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn. Soon the corn becomes detached from its moorings, you see it projecting. Then it is a matter of a moment to lift it out root and all, without a twinge. Hard, ugly skin on heels and soles of feet is gently soaked away, too. Your feet are left smooth as silk.

1/6 *Giant Package*

NEW GIANT PACKAGES.—In the two new GIANT packages: 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) at all chemists, Radox is more economical than ever.

HAY FEVER

You had the Remedy and didn't know it

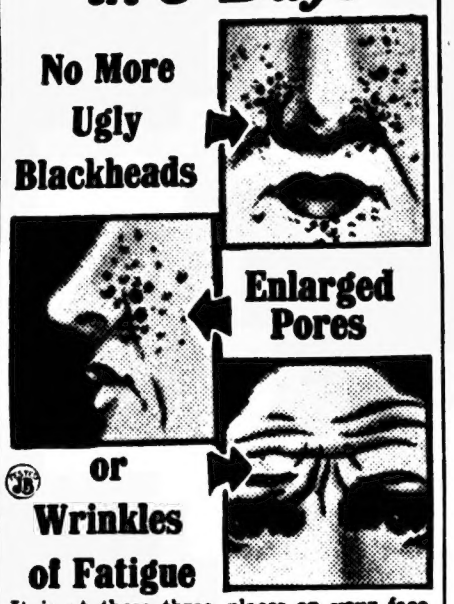
If you are a Hay Fever victim, you have watched the advance of the summer with apprehension, year after year. Yet there is no need for alarm. You can conquer an attack easily and simply, if you only know the right way to treat yourself.

Here it is. At home you have a bottle of Milton. Whatever it may have been that you bought it for, you already know that Milton does what it promises. Well, Milton will relieve your Hay Fever. Get out the new book of directions which now is packed with every bottle (if you've lost yours, it's worth getting another—it's an extraordinary book!). Turn to use No. 41. Follow those directions carefully, and before the day is out you'll have found relief from that most miserable of complaints. Every season hundreds of grateful letters are received by the makers from people who have been relieved.

Don't fall into the common mistake of thinking you can get better quick by using Milton stronger than directed. It's only the mild mixture prescribed in the Milton book of directions which will put an end to your irritating distress.

Now, which is it going to be? Days of watery eyes and sneezing? Or will you use your Milton?

New White Skin *in 3 Days*



It is at these three places on your face that skin defects show most plainly. Recent tests reveal that any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. Instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands and contracts enlarged pores. Blackheads are dissolved and fall away. Wrinkles of fatigue vanish in one application. Keeps the driest skin delicately moist. Takes the shine off an oily or greasy skin. This new Crème Tokalon, White Colour, quickly gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness—such as can be obtained in no other way.

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 66 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

The Complete Sets (including the 16 Piece Cutlery Service). Ready for immediate Delivery. Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Full Approval. Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dpt. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C.

YOUR CHOICE OF SEVEN

WIN WHICH ENORMOUS 'BULLETS' FIRST YOU PREFER

£6 A WEEK FOR LIFE

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £500

"I'M going to see if *I* can't make up the best *Bullet* this time," says your challenger as he studies these pages, which present one of the finest *Bullets* offers ever launched.

His words should put you on your mettle, for any JOHN BULL reader with common-sense and determination can win the choice of this week's Seven Sensational Firsts.

You have common-sense. You have determination. Why should you not beat all-comers in this test of skill with words?

In June last year, a Birmingham widow who had never won a *Bullets* prize in her life accepted a similar challenge.

She read the instructions. She selected an *Example* which specially appealed to her. On one of her coupons she wrote the *Bullet* MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR—"WALKS"—IN "MEMORY'S GARDEN."

She won the First Prize!

For Mrs. A. Humphries, 132, Tiverton Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, the future is no longer a problem. Her two little sons are safe. She fought for them as their father did, and a First Prize telegram from JOHN BULL was her reward.

Your problems may not be quite so pressing as those which worried Mrs. Humphries—but isn't money your problem, too?

ACCEPT THIS CHALLENGE —YOUR FUTURE DEPENDS UPON IT!

The solution to that problem is provided by the Seven First Prizes from which this week's winner will select his overwhelming payment for a few words.

Which of the Sensational Seven exactly meets *your* present needs? An enormous Life Pension? A staggering Lump Sum? Or a mixture of both, blended to your circumstances? One of these is your Ideal First Prize, and that one can be yours for a *Bullet* entered by July 2.

Accept this challenge from "the other fellow." Guided by the instructions on the opposite page, enter your *Bullets* on the coupons provided, and the First Prize telegram on July 15 may proclaim you the winner.

£1,022 10s CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION No. 851:

Mr. A. W. CUSSANS, Headquarters, U.S.C. Court Street Barracks, Belfast.

Example:—COURT MISSIONARY
Bullet:—"BREAKS IN"—"ROBS" PRISON.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. TURNER, 28, Worrall Road, Sheffield.
Example:—Is Marriage Wise?
Bullet:—Remember Solomon—Forget Jeremiahs!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. M. BAKER, 42, Jackson Road, East Barnet.
Example:—Fair Game
Bullet:—"Sitters" For Adversity's "Gun."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. BRANTON, Hazelrise, Heath Road, Leighton Buzzard.
Lying Low—Mars—Along War-horse's Neck!

J. COOPER, Holme Cottage, Bridgnorth.
Nation Of Shopkeepers—Needn't Fear History's "Stocktaking."

A. DAVAGE, 4, Orchard Street, Frome.
The Announcer—Nurse—"Life's Programme" Begins.

R. J. JONES, 30, High Street, Llangefni, Anglesey.
Sonny's A Nuisance, But—"That's My Youngster Batting!"

J. KEANE, 19, Woodlands Drive, Glasgow.
Nation Of Shopkeepers—But Dora "Runs Counter."

A. PICTON, 18, Coedpenmaen Road, Pontypridd.
Looks—Go—Don't Go By!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

B. A. RUANE (staff), Hotel Metropole, Folkestone.
Tired Of Everything—Providence Sends. "Despatches" Himself.

W. A. SAYER, Oldfield Lane, Stainforth, near Doncaster.
Court Missionary—Young "Savages" Find "Tender."

J. SUTHERLAND, 525, Fox Hollies Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
Commercial Warfare—"Casualties," "Companies" Without "Reserves."

E. WARD, 10, Arran Avenue, Sale, Ches.
Looks—"To *Her* That Hath—."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

T. BALDWIN, St. Antony's, Felpham, Sussex.
Thirsty Soul—Sonny—See "Fountain's" Clean!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

N. BALSHAW, 33, Ramsbottom Road, Horwich.
Too Big—House—She's In "Mansions."

S. BENNETT, 5, Sandycroft Avenue, Wigan.
Tired Of Everything—She "Owns" That, Too.

L. FLETCHER, 52, The Park, Woodlands, Doncaster.
Court Missionary—She'd Prefer Interviewing Reporter.

L. JOHNSON, 57, Bostock Avenue, Northampton.
He's A Farmer, So—Prince Deserves *Another* Cheer.

Mrs. NEWLYN, 20, Cherry Tree Avenue, Dover.
Knowing Her—"Weakness," Doctor Invents Cne.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. TODD, 169a, Green Street, Forest Gate, E.
Looks—Her Age—Day's "Young."

V. WILLCOCK, 3, Pinner Place, Levenshulme.
Woke Him Up—Then Rain Stopped Play!

F. E. WOODALL, "Claremont," 7, Woden Road, Wolverhampton.
In The Right—Sun-bathers—In Right Place.

H. WOODWARD, Coleburn, Longmorn, Elgin, N.B.
Blundering—My Proposal—Blunder, Too.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices. All Prizes have been posted.

In accordance with our published announcement the sum of £300 will be divided amongst winners of two or more prizes in Competition No. 851, whose successful coupons bear the same name, initials and address. Bonuses to be posted June 28.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.—2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 850 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Alexander, 33, Gloucester Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

ADD £500 CASH TO YOUR FIRST PRIZE!

OF the 23 chief winners in last week's result of Competition No. 850, 21 qualified for a Radio Gramophone Bonus by having registered for our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*.

One of these was the First Prize-winner, who received £400 for his homely and ingenious effort—WHEN BABY CRIES—"WHEN?" MAKES ME SMILE.

Mr. L. R. Biddle

This competitor, Mr. L. R. Biddle, 113, North Road, Bishopston, Bristol, is another big winner who attributes his success to the assistance given by this free aid to the prize-list which JOHN BULL now offers you.

You do not realise what you are missing if you allow this bright and helpful little messenger from *Bullets* headquarters to pass by your door each Thursday.

Since JOHN BULL wants *every* entrant to share the benefit of *Bullets Bulletin's* guidance a Record Bonus of £500 cash will be added to whichever huge First Prize may be chosen by the winner of Competition No. 855, provided that he is a registered reader of the "Bulleteer's" Own Paper by Saturday, July 2.

So the coupon below, for the mere cost of postage on the twelve weekly copies it brings, may add £500 cash to your prize in our sensational Mid-summer contest. Moreover, it will ensure for you the regular *Bullets* aid which brought thousands of pounds in prizes to its readers. Post it to-night.

£500 BONUS COUPON **USE THIS TO SECURE YOUR FREE "BULLETS" BULLETINS**

I enclose P.O. No.....value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 18, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

COLOSSAL PRIZES FOR A FEW WORDS!
£4 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £1000
£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £500
£2000 AND £2 A WEEK FOR LIFE
£2500 AND £1 A WEEK FOR LIFE
£3000 CASH
£500 CASH BONUS
FOR FIRST PRIZE-WINNER IF REGISTERED FOR OUR FREE 'BULLETS' BULLETIN BY JULY 2. Send coupon on page 34
OTHER PRIZES
SECOND PRIZE £200 £50 THIRD PRIZE
10 PRIZES OF £5 10 PRIZES OF £2.10
25 OF £1 50 OF 10/- 500 OF 2/6
2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS
10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
ENTER BY SAT. JULY 2 - WINNER TELEGRAPHED ON FRI. JULY 15

HOW TO WIN "BULLETS" MAMMOTH FIRST

OPEN your attack on this Sensational Seven by reading slowly through the *Examples* on this page, jotting down the rough ideas which they suggest, and so gathering the "raw material" for your efforts.

Thus, against the *Example* WEARY WORLD, you might jot down the rough idea BECAUSE TOO MANY GUNS BEING CARRIED. Developing this thought and improving its phrasing, your *Bullet* might eventually turn out thus—WEARY WORLD—"MARCHING SONGS" WON'T HELP.

You see the idea? An ordinary, everyday thought—a neat touch of phrasing to keep it clear of other entrants' efforts—and there stands a *Bullet* which may win you any of the 12,598 prizes which must be won in this outstanding contest.

Before you begin shooting *Bullets*, however, steady your aim by closely studying this week's winners printed on the opposite page, noting the careful phrasing which has earned them their place in the prize-list. Then settle down to making some good *Bullets* yourself, being sure that your entry is in by Saturday, July 2.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITISH OAK	WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME	LAND OF THE FREE
WEARY WORLD	SOMETHING TO REMEMBER	WINKING AT DORA
FLAG OF TRUCE	LIFE SEEMS EMPTY WHEN	MR. KILLJOY
EAGERLY AWAITED	SHE LOOKED SWEET, BUT	NOT CRICKET
POLITICS	USUALLY FOLLOWS	SPEED MANIAC
TAXPAYER'S BATTLE	DISARMING	RACE FOR PROSPERITY
WEAR A SMILE AND	CURIOUS COINCIDENCE	PATH OF PROGRESS
AFTERWARDS	FOR TWO	MAN'S MISTAKE
THE JERRYBUILDER	WHATEVER HAPPENS	HEAVEN KNOWS
ALL TOO SOON	PERIL OF THE SEA	TOO MUCH
MUSIC IN HER EARS	GOES ON	A CRY WAS HEARD AND
HELPING HUBBY	LITTLE MEN	ANXIOUS MOMENT
PLAINLY	HAS GENEVA FAILED?	HONEST JOHN
TO MAKE PEACE		

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(855) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d
Signed
Address

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(855) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(855) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of Postal Order.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(855) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(855) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 2. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(855) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 2 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 34. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s
Signed
Address

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 855 usually purchase their copies of "John Bull."

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 855, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

HURRY!

DON'T BE TOO LATE

GREAT ANIMAL LOVERS CONTEST

Send in your Entries without delay!

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. No order of merit required. *Ink must be used.*

Animal Lovers Contest!		One Entry 6d.	Two Entries 1/-	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/-	Five Entries 2/6
1	I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?					
2	Please help the pal that never lets you down.					
3	A Gift to Time Saves a Life Like Mine.					
4	I'm game enough for anything, are YOU game enough to help me?					
5	"Man-kind" they call you:—DO prove that it's true!					
6	Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven.					
7	I gave you my "Faith," Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"?					
8	As one Sport to another, please give us a leg up.					
9	I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf					
10	I'll give the "lick" if you'll give the promise.					
11	Your "Generosity" will be rewarded with "Dumb" gratitude.					
12	You'd love to help me? Thanks. I'd LOVE you to.					
13	Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands.					
14	Be a Pal and Help a Pal.					
15	We LIVE for you—won't you GIVE for us?					
16	A little help in time is better than a lot too late.					
17	Affectionate and True, in return, I look for help from you.					
18	You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?					
19	You loved me when in health; now give me health—for love.					
20	Animals suffer in silence—Don't be "silent" to their sufferings.					
21	We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through.					
22	A silent appeal calling for a sound response.					
23	I'm game when I'm well, so play the game when I'm not.					
24	You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging.					
25	Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action.					
26	With my eyes I plead for the help I need.					
27	Appealing little beggar, aren't I? Can I "touch" you?					
28	Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose

P.O. Number ..... value ..... covering ..... entries

P.O. is crossed & Co.) and is made payable to The Royal Veterinary College.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS (Block Letters) .....

.....

Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.5.

Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B.5), Royal Veterinary College, Appeal Headquarters, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

£15,000 for 6D

£10,000 First Prize—An extra £5,000 will be awarded to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." 2nd Prize £500; 3rd Prize £250.

EVERY minute is precious now if you wish to enter the Great Animal Lovers Contest. Act now and you may win £15,000 for 6d. Delay, and the golden opportunity will have gone for ever. This great contest is now fast approaching its climax—the last day for receiving entries is Saturday, July 2nd. Enter while there is yet time.

All that you are asked to do is to read carefully the 28 slogans shown on the Entry Form, and from these select the best twelve—those most likely to help in this great appeal. Judgment and skill in selecting Slogans may mean £15,000 in cash to you when the result of this Contest is announced.

Remember, you are not asked to place the slogans in any order of merit. Just indicate your choice by placing 12 crosses only in each entry column you complete.

This Contest is open to all—every reader of "John Bull" may enter. All the prizes are guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will go to the Royal Veterinary College. The huge First Prize of £10,000 must be won, and an extra £5,000 will be paid to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

There are five columns provided on each Entry Form. Enter yourself and get your family to enter too. The more entries you send, the greater will be your opportunity of winning and the more you help this most deserving Cause.

Select the twelve best slogans now. Don't be too late. Someone within a very short time will be richer by £10,000 or £15,000—why should not that someone be you?

Additional Entry Forms for further attempts will be found in the "Daily Herald."

Organised by the Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the 'Daily Herald'

This Appeal is supported by: Lt.-Col. Sir Merrik R. Burrell, Bart., C.B.E. (Chairman); Most Hon. the Marquis of Crewe, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl Bathurst, C.M.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Harewood, K.G.; Rt. Hon. the Earl of Yarborough; Rt. Hon. Lord Daresbury, C.V.O.; Rt. Hon. Lord Glanely; Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, C.B.; Rt. Hon. Lord Mildmay of Flete; Rt. Hon. Lord Woolavington, K.C.V.O.; Major Sir Leonard Brassey, Bart., M.P.; Sir Ralph Jackson, M.R.C.V.S.; Maj.-Gen. Sir John Moore, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.C.V.S.; Lt.-Col. Sir Archibald Weigall, K.C.M.G.; Major F. T. G. Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E.; W. Parkin-Moore, Esq.; Lt.-Col. E. W. Stanyforth, C.B.; Capt. Robert Brassey.

Rules and Conditions.

(1.) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2.) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3.) In the case of a competitor sending insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the judges will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4.) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitors to ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5.) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6.) In the event of a tie or ties the prizes so affected will be divided: the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7.) The Royal Veterinary College reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the College upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Royal Veterinary College takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or misdirected, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8.) Employees of the Royal Veterinary College and the "Daily Herald" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9.) The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the competition; but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10.) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

CLOSING SHORTLY—SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES WITHOUT DELAY

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